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ZSCHIESCHE 1980

Bob Zschiesche (zee-shee), formerly an assistant for many years on the "Gasoline Alley" strip, and whose editorial cartoons were widely distributed by King Features Syndicate, has come up with a very innovative political cartoon feature which he's syndicating himself. Read about it inside.

No. 46, JUNE 1980

$ 3.50

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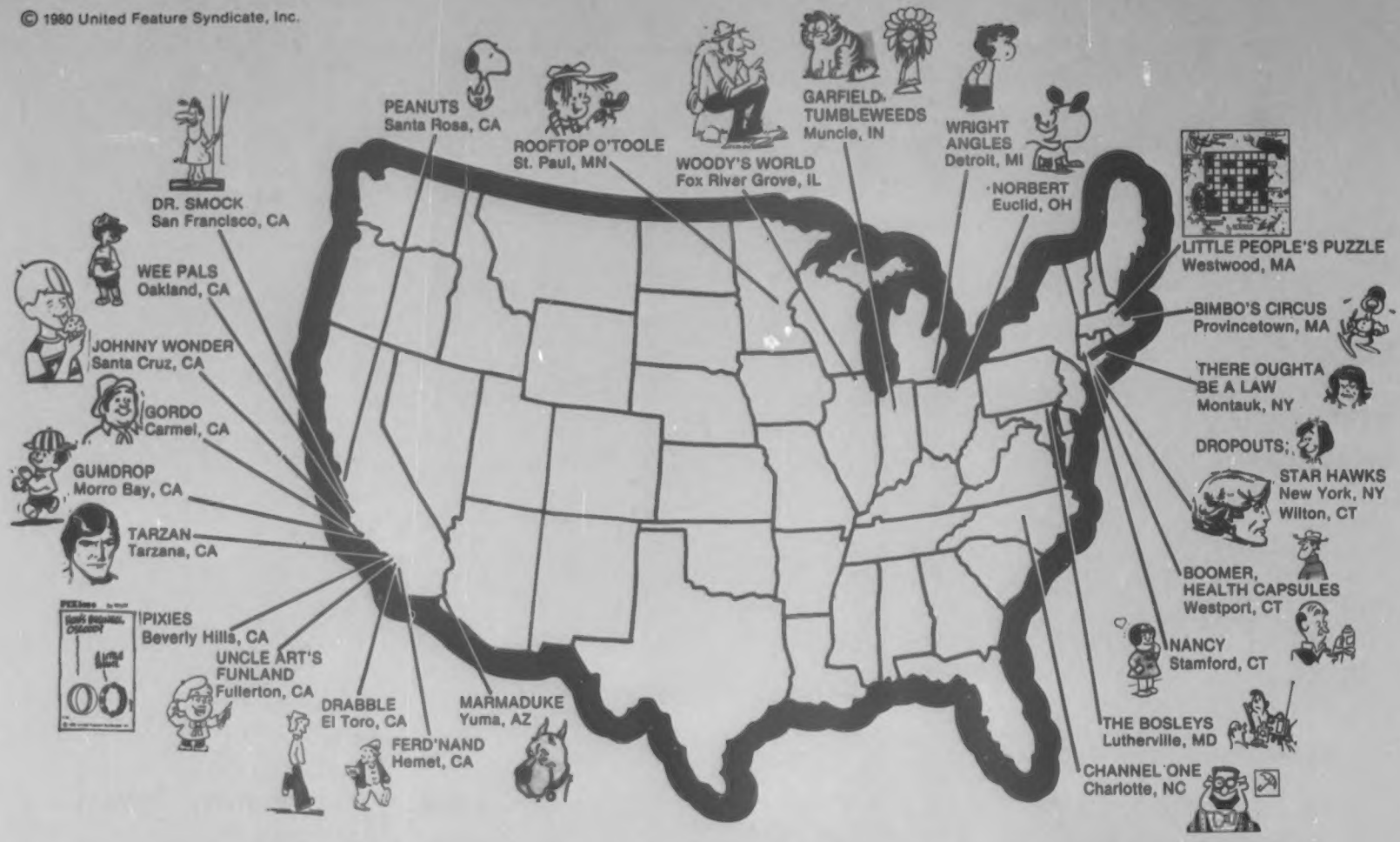

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

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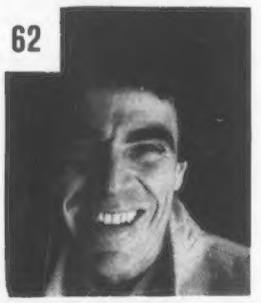

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The Best.

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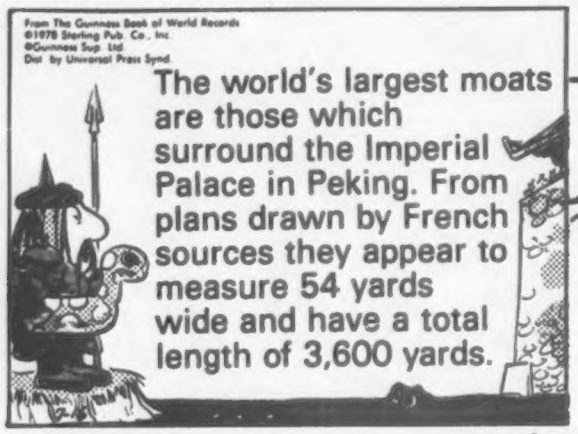
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OUR FOLKS

Bob Zschiesche

BOB ZSCHIESCHE (Zee-shee), after long experience assisting Frank King, Bill Perry, and Dick Moores on the 'Gasoline Alley' comic strip, and as a syndicated King Features cartoonist, has now launched a very innovative type of political cartoon which he is syndicating himself. We think you'll be interested in hearing his experiences in accomplishing this feat, and in seeing some of the cartoons he has done during his travels.

The light should come over your left shoulder, or, if you have a drop light shaded so that it will not shine into your eyes, it is all right to have it directly in front of you. This is to avoid the shadow cast by your hand and pencil.

Most cartoonists favor a drawing board to draw on, resting one end of the board on the table and the other end in the lap. Time enough to buy a specially built drawing table when you begin to make money by your drawing.

—"How to Draw Cartoons Successfully"
Carl Anderson, 1935

When I was a 10-year-old kid, I read these words avidly. Carl Anderson, Henry's creator, offered these tips, among others, in his book, which I got from Sears mail order for 49¢. This book launched my cartooning career.

I was born on my parents' farm in 1928 near Prophetstown, Illinois. I began drawing even before I could write. By age 5 I was drawing cowboys, Indians, biplanes and radio personalities — typical things boys in the '30s would draw.

In 1936, when I was 8, our family left the farm due to my dad's poor health and moved to Prophetstown, a small farm town on the Rock River with a population of 1700. As it turned out, this was as good an area as any for a young cartoonist to grow up in. There wasn't a living, breathing professional cartoonist within a 75-mile radius, but this didn't bother me. After all, many big-name cartoonists on the Chicago Tribune came from downstate Illinois: Sidney Smith, Bloomington; Frank Willard, Anna; Carl Ed, Moline; and Harold Gray, Kankakee. Illinois, great pork, corn and soybean producer, also turns out good cartoonists. It was in the

Main Street in my home town. A tavern is shown here; Midwestern small towns are loaded (excuse the pun) with taverns.

OUR FOLKS
MARTINS FERRY OHIO
INFLATION'S UP 13 PERCENT... OUR DOLLARS SURE DON'T GO FAR...
WOTYA MEAN? THEY GO TO WASHINGTON, AT TAX TIME...
ZSCHIESCHE

I show actual places in my cartoons and take great pains drawing the houses and buildings. Usually each drawing takes a good day and a half to execute.

Victorian houses lend themselves well for cartoons. They're interesting and on the comical side, too.

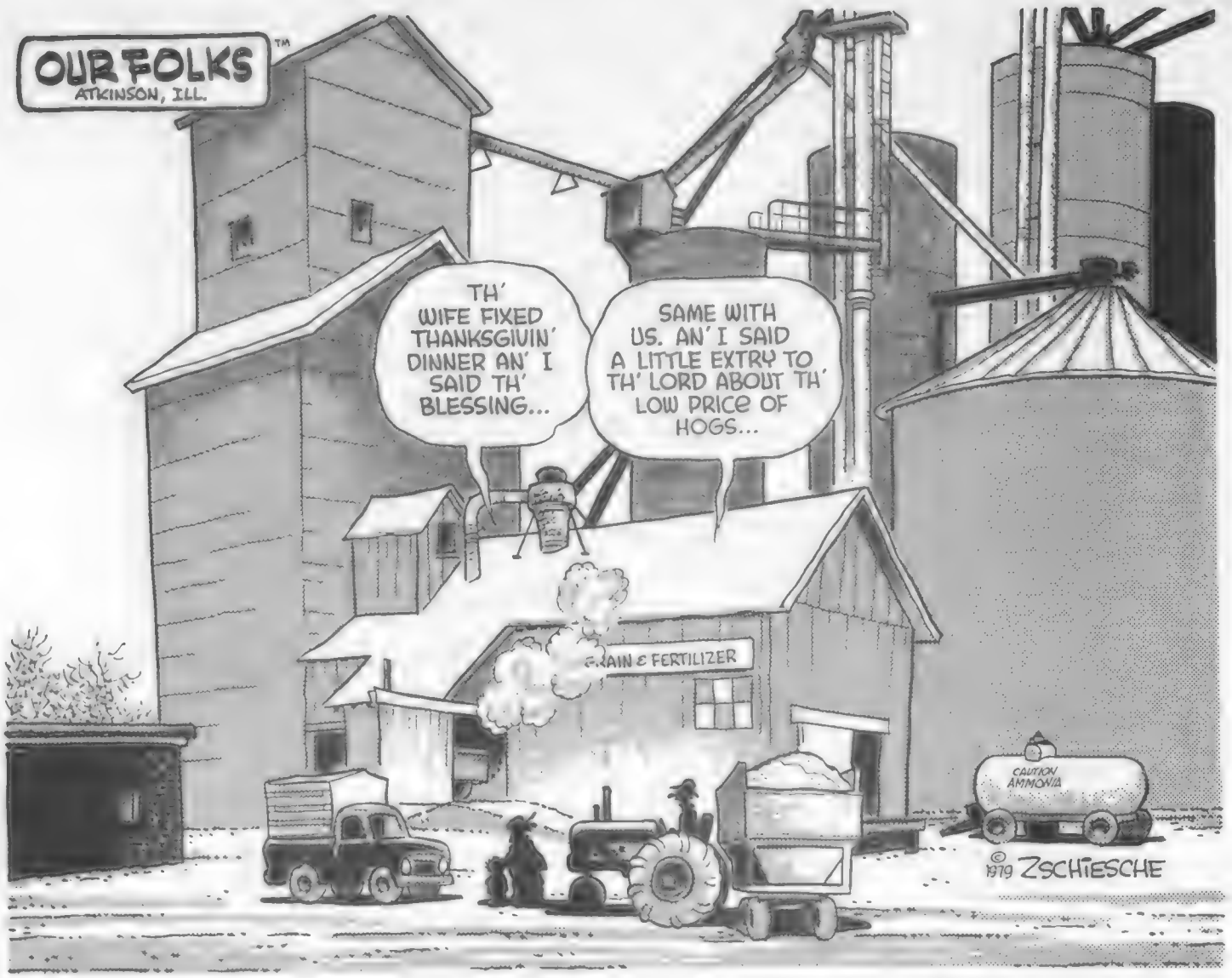
OUR FOLKS
WHEELING, W VA.
A GUY ON TV SAID LAST NIGHT THE DOLLAR'S SLIPPIN' OVERSEAS...
SLIPPIN' OVERSEAS! HE SHOULD GO TO THE SUPERMARKET!
ZSCHIESCHE

While roughing in this drawing, I was tempted to also show a Catholic priest coming out of the church. Decided against it, since his dark suit would detract from the gals talking.

Big cities offer great scenes to draw — because there's so much.

OUR FOLKS
CHICAGO
CARTER'S GOT BIG TROUBLES WITH THE ECONOMY...
HE'S GOT TROUBLES? I'M SENDING TWO KIDS TO COLLEGE !!
CLARK STREET
©1979 ZSCHIESCHE

There's not much in Plains, Georgia. A nice depot, no longer used for railroad business, sells, inside, Jimmy Carter souvenirs.


OUR FOLKS
ATKINSON, ILL.
TM
TH' WIFE FIXED THANKSGIVIN' DINNER AN' I SAID TH' BLESSING...
SAME WITH US. AN' I SAID A LITTLE EXTRY TO TH' LORD ABOUT TH' LOW PRICE OF HOGS...
GRAIN & FERTILIZER
CAUTION AMMONIA
©1979 ZSCHIESCHE

Nothing typifies the rural Midwest more than grain elevators. I've seen many of them and they're all different.

soil.

My parents, farming people, encouraged me to draw and didn't think it silly. My dad, a short man with sardonic humor, extracted one promise from me when he said, "Robert, when you publish your little cartoons someday, don't change the spelling of 'Zschiesche.'" Dad had great pride.

My first published cartoons appeared in a now-defunct magazine, "Open Road for Boys." Each month this magazine held a cartoon contest for boys across the nation. I entered and had my stuff published along with the other "winners." It was a heady experience.

Other boys who entered the "Open Road" contest and later became professionals were: Mort Walker, Dan Heilman, Buford Yates, Eldon Pletcher, Warren Tufts, George Ward, Paul Coker, Orlando Busino and Jack McCleod. This cartoon contest was the first showcase we had. (Young cartoonists today would be smart to get their material in print — even if in the beginning it's for free — and go from there.)

In the summer of '43, my parents sent me to the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. I was 15 and it was a great experience because the Academy offered courses in cartooning. The Academy had impressive alumni who had studied there and became professional cartoonists. The Academy's director, Ruth Van Sickle Ford, was a distinguished water colorist who had purple hair and smoked cigarettes with a holder.

The one thing that made the Academy a fine school was the faculty of professional artists. My two favorite instructors were Dick Calkins, creator of Buck Rogers, who taught comic strips, and Martin Garrity, who taught gag cartooning. Garrity, a likeable guy with a big Irish smile, was particularly good because he loved cartooning, knew a lot about it, and shared it with us. To me, Martin Garrity *was* the Academy.

In '46 my parents sent me to the University of Illinois hoping it would help me in cartooning. From the moment I was enrolled I was in deep trouble. I found the courses difficult and not very interesting. I drew sports cartoons for the Daily Illini, the student paper. Gene Shalit was sports editor, and he cooked up the ideas while I drew the cartoons. My sports cartoons weren't enough to carry me after one semester. I flunked out and, very quickly, was back in art school in Chicago.

I completed the two-year course at the Chicago Academy and then, like many art students, I was out on the street job-hunting. Cartooning jobs were scarce, and I got a job as mail-boy at the Chicago Tribune. For the princely sum of $32.50 a week I delivered mail on floors 15 through 31. Colonel McCormick's grand offices, and the editorial department, were on the 24th floor. Occasionally the Colonel's memos, with R. R. Mc on the envelopes, were rushed to colleagues in the building — and I was summoned to rush them. Rush them I did because the Colonel had a huge English bulldog that could devour a tardy mail boy in 3 seconds.

The Tribune editorial cartoonists had a fancy studio on the 30th floor. I

I'm crazy about court houses, the gaudier the better! They're tough to draw, though . . . lots of windows, nooks and crannies.

OUR FOLKS
CAMBRIDGE, ILL.
ZSCHIESCHE
HOW DO YOU THINK THEM RUSSIANS SNUCK 3000 TROOPS INTO CUBA?
THEY DRESSED UP LIKE BALLET DANCERS...
HENRY COUNTY

OUR FOLKS
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
A BIG BUNCH OF US STEELWORKERS ARE OUTA WORK NOW!!!
OH, NUTS!! AN' I WAS GONNA TELL 'EM NEXT WEEK TO TAKE THIS JOB AN' SHOVE IT!!
©1979 ZSCHIESCHE

The rural South has great-looking older buildings. I've been to this place a number of times, and inside it's jammed with merchandise.

OUR FOLKS
STOKES COUNTY, N.C
©1980 ZSCHIESCHE
THAT HOSTAGE DEAL IN IRAN'S PLUMB FLUSTRATIN'!!
KOOMEENY'S LIKE A OLD GOAT I HAD ONCE. CUSS HIM OUT AN' HE'D TURN RIGHT AROUND AN' CHEW UP YOUR SHOES!!
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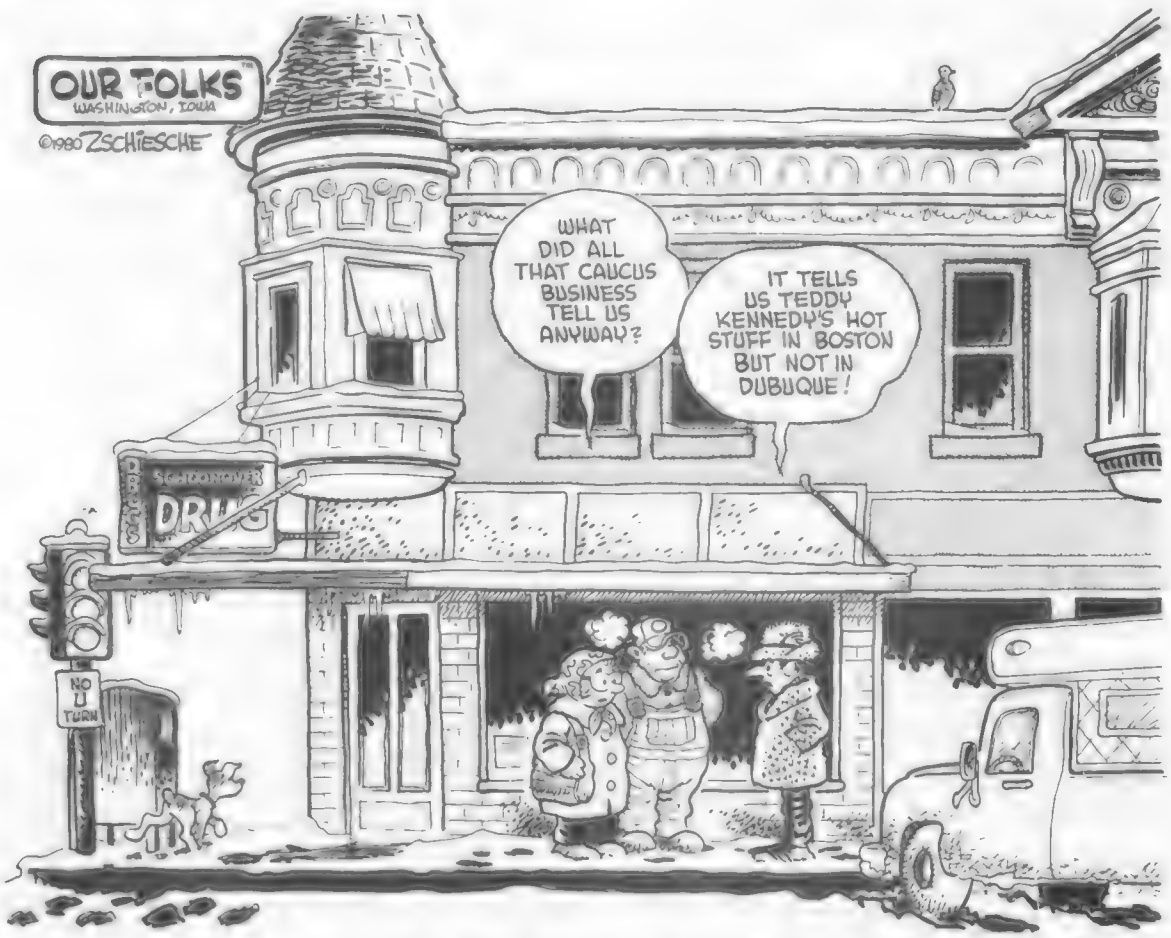

OUR FOLKS
WASHINGTON, IOWA
©1980 ZSCHIESCHE
WHAT DID ALL THAT CAUCUS BUSINESS TELL US ANYWAY?
IT TELLS US TEDDY KENNEDY'S HOT STUFF IN BOSTON BUT NOT IN DUBUQUE!
DRUGS
NO U TURN

When showing people in my cartoons, I try to make them look natural, as if they belong there. Washington, Iowa is a farming area, hence the farmer in bib overalls.

delivered their mail, and Carey Orr and Joe Parrish took time and looked over my drawings. Parrish was pleasant; Orr was gruff. One day Orr, lighting a cigarette said, "Listen, kid, get in touch with Frank King in Florida. He's looking for an assistant on Gasoline Alley."

Two months later, in January 1950, I was Florida-bound on a Pullman to work for Frank King. King's home, on a 250-acre estate near Kissimmee, was designed like an old English village house — but grander. His studio was in one wing of the home, where he and Bill Perry, longtime assistant, and I worked. It was great fun and most congenial.

Frank King was 65 years old, a short, round, kindly man — and a master. I was a kid sitting at the master's elbow and pumped him for information about cartooning. I asked him, after his years in cartooning, wealth and prestige, what meant most to him. King said, "My wonderful family life . . . Mrs. King and my son Drew." These profound feelings came through in Gasoline Alley: comic art imitating life.

For eleven years I assisted on Gasoline Alley — four years with Frank King and seven with Bill Perry who was doing the Sunday page. During this interim, in 1957, I married Marcia Johnson, a tall blonde gal who lived in Orlando. Two boys were born — Eric, now 19, and Mark, 18.

In the fall of '63 my cartooning took a different path when I lined up a new job as editorial cartoonist on the Greensboro Daily News in North Carolina. Marcia and I drove our '55 Chevy to Greensboro, pulling a big U-Haul trailer.

I cranked out 5 editorial cartoons a week, year after year. In the beginning it was exciting, challenging. King Features started syndicating my cartoons in 1970, adding a great deal of pressure to the job, because the syndicate wanted national, while the paper favored local angles. When the pressure grew too great I decided to leave the paper — and did not renew my King Features contract (Rube Goldberg and I were among the few who declined signing with King). In June of '75 I retired from cartooning; I was 45 years old.

Two months later Herblock called because he thought I might be interested in a cartooning job on a paper he knew about. (Back in '68, he gave me a big boost when he asked me to supply cartoons for his syndication while he was on vacation.) This time I said no, I didn't think so, the last newspaper job had wiped me out.

But six months after saying the hell with cartooning, I was back at it. Dick Moores, who does the Gasoline Alley dailies, asked me to assist him. He was on the verge of taking over the Sunday pages since Bill Perry, who had been doing the Sunday for years, was retiring.

During the next several years, while assisting Moores, I spent more time with my family. I traveled, took pictures, sketched, talked to people. This bliss ended, however, when I was struck with a recurring fever: Doyeroun thingus.

Slowly, hesitantly, I came up with a new editorial cartoon idea: I'd show

I spotted this apartment in Dubuque, Iowa. What an architectural mishmash — but great for a cartoon.

OUR FOLKS
DUBUQUE, IOWA
©1979 ZSCHIESCHE
GOIN' ANYPLACE THIS SUMMER?
WE PUT CARPETS, PANELING, SINK, FRIGE, AN' A STEREO IN OUR VAN. COST A LOT, SO IT'LL BE A SHORT TRIP..
—TO THE FINANCE COMPANY.
APT. FOR RENT

OUR FOLKS
MINGO JUNCTION, OH.
MY, OLGA, AIN'T IT WONDERFUL WE SHOULD HAVE A POLISH POPE!!
WE'RE SURE PROUD, SOPHIE. HE SHOULD OF NAMED HIMSELF POPE JOHN POLE!!
©1979 ZSCHIESCHE

Huge, brown steel mills loom above Mingo Junction, 5 miles south of Steubenville, Ohio. Just beyond the mill is the Ohio River

ordinary people commenting on their concerns. This angle, by itself, was not all that unique. I then added another twist — the ordinary people, the characters, would be set against actual places.

For my new cartoon I would need reference material, and lots of it. To get this material, I would travel thousands of miles, eat hundreds of Big Macs. I would see Key West... Montgomery... Plains... Wheeling... Youngstown... Muncie... Peoria... Chicago... Ottumwa... Dubuque...

In May, '78, I took a two-week trip to the Ohio Valley. I got a motel room at Follansbee, West Virginia, across the river from Steubenville. Each day I got good reference material of this area loaded with steel mills with huge Bessemer furnaces. All went well until the last day.

That morning, early, I had ham and eggs in a small cafe in Follansbee. I walked down the street, past the American Legion building, and took three pictures of a bank. Heading back to the motel, suddenly, two policemen grabbed me. They hustled me off to the station, frisked me and started the questioning. Two weeks before, the bank had had a bomb threat; the police assumed I was the rascal.

The police chief wired the FBI in Washington for records of my criminal activities. He said, Look, I know about you quiet, innocent-lookin' guys — you end up havin' a rap sheet a mile long, see!! They held me for two hours and finally released me. The police chief and I shook hands. Eight minutes later, I checked out of the motel and hurriedly left Follansbee, West Virginia.

After all the traveling, gathering material and talking to people, I began drawing the cartoons of places I'd been — from Key West to Dubuque.

I decided to do the unorthodox: I'd syndicate my new feature myself. This is an offbeat approach and, because of the time and money that is needed, I wouldn't recommend it. It's a craps-shoot — but it's great fun.

Last summer, I went out on the road selling my new cartoons: three weeks in the South; four in the Midwest. Lining up papers was really tough, but I decided to go with what I had. Rhea Eskew, of the Multimedia Group, helped when I sold to seven of their papers. All told, I had 18 papers.

On August 13, '79, I launched my new cartoon, 'OUR FOLKS.'
Before long my list had grown to 38 papers.

It's been a long trip. Along the way, many people have helped. When I was a kid in Illinois . . . with the dream of cartooning — I never knew it would turn into an odyssey. ●

When the son of the creator of a very-long-running, top comic strip takes over the writing of that feature, and along with his cartoonist partner, maintains the strip's high-ranking position, that's certainly an unique feat! Since that is exactly what Dean Young, the son of Chic Young, who created 'Blondie' for King Features Syndicate in 1930, has done, we talked with Dean recently to find out how it happened.

Young: When my dad passed away in 1973, 'Blondie' was appearing in 1600 newspapers but we lost 300 of these soon after the announcement of his death was made. And some time after that we lost 200 more. These cancellations were the beginning of a period of transition for me because, although I knew how to write for my dad and knew exactly what *he* wanted, suddenly he was gone. I was still trying to write 'Blondie' for him, he wasn't here, and it just wasn't working out. That's when I decided that I should write the strip in a manner that would make me comfortable with my own type of humor. I feel that humor is a very private thing, that my dad had his own kind, but that I had my own type, too. That's when all the good things started to happen. We got back all our newspapers, gained some more and we're now in almost 1900 newspapers.

Hurd: Can you give an example of this different approach?

Young: On one occasion I did a page where Blondie wanted Dagwood to have his hair styled. He was very much against it because he likes his hair the way it is and always has been. She literally dragged him into one of these hairstyling places where they proceeded to spray 40 cans of lacquer into his hair. They had his cowlicks all slicked down, so they weren't sticking up, and he went home and hated it. The family liked his hair and kept telling him that it looked

QUICK! I NEED A HAIRCUT BUT IT'S GOT TO BE FAST!
BZ-Z-Z
BZ-Z-Z
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978 World rights reserved
YOUNG RAYMOND
THAT'S A NEW WORLD RECORD--TWENTY-TWO SECONDS FLAT!

good, and the kids said it was cool. He went to bed, still grumpy, and Blondie said, "You'll get used to it, you'll like it, you'll see!" Meanwhile she goes to sleep with Dagwood still grumbling, "I hate it, I can't stand it any more!" He goes into the bathroom, and you see him shampooing with his hair all lathered up. In the last panel he's back in bed with all his hair sticking straight up in the air just as if a vacuum cleaner had sucked all the hair up on ends. He looks at the reader, saying, "Boy, it sure feels good to be *me* again!" This is an example of a strip that my father would not have done, and that I think was a very funny strip. He wouldn't have done it because his humor was probably more traditional in scope. I suppose mine is more contemporary than his humor was . . . I guess that's the only way to explain it. This kind of material was maybe a little foreign to the flavor that he liked to project.

Hurd: When did you first begin to work with your dad on the strip?

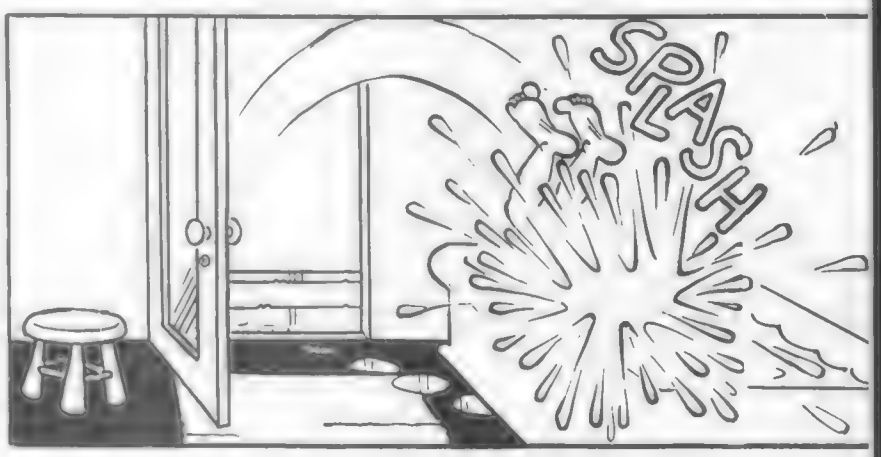
Young: I can remember when I brought my first Sunday page to him. I had roughed in the dialogue in 12 panels, and I added some explanations while he was looking at it. Then, as he crumpled it up and tossed it into the wastebasket, he said, "That's not too bad . . . why don't you go in there and try another one." I was probably about 25 at the time.

Hurd: What sort of training had you had before this?

Young: I graduated from LaGrange College, in Georgia, with a degree in Business Administration, and had ideas of owning my own advertising agency. I became an account executive for an agency in Miami, worked there for a couple of years, and then became a sales promotion executive for the southern division of a large grocery chain for about a year and a half. I would come over in the company plane from time to time to do promotions on the west coast of Florida and, of course, would stay with my folks in Clearwater Beach. On one of these trips my dad detected that I wasn't really thrilled with my work, and so he suggested, "Why don't you come over and write for me." Immediately I said, "O.K.", went back and packed my stuff, and worked for him for 10 years before his death.

Hurd: Does your collaboration with

®
BLONDIE
by YOUNG and RAYMOND
?
HOW DARE YOU BARGE INTO MY PRIVATE BATHROOM LIKE THIS!!
HEY! COME BACK HERE WITH MY TOWEL!!
©1979 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved



OH, HI THERE··· I KNEW THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY HOME

I'M SELLING A LITTLE ITEM THAT NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT

I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!!

SCREEECH

QUICK, HURRY UP! OPEN THE DOOR AND DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!

I WENT OUT FOR A BAR OF SOAP AND WHEN I CAME BACK THE DOOR WAS LOCKED

THERE WAS NO SENSE TELLING THE TRUTH···SHE WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT ANYWAY!
YOUNG & RAYMOND 7-15

WHY IS HE EATING OUT OF A LUNCH BAG?
HE WON'T EAT ANYTHING COOKED HERE
WHO IS HE, ANYWAY?
THE CHEF
YOUNG RAYMOND
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Jim Raymond, the brother of Alex Raymond of 'Flash Gordon' and 'Rip Kirby' fame, work easily?

Young: It certainly does. Jim is a great cartoonist. He knows exactly what I'm thinking, and what I'm talking about in the scripts I send to him, as far as the gags are concerned. He's a consummate cartoonist in my opinion, we have a very warm and harmonious relationship, and we work well together because we have a great deal of respect for each other. Jim has a home in Michigan but he also has one on Great Harbor Cay, one of the chain of the Berry Islands in the Bahamas, so he travels with the birds. We talk on the phone frequently, and see each other from time to time, but when we do get together, we're more apt to be talking about golf, spearfishing, or tennis, rather than about 'Blondie'.

First of all I write the dialogue because I'm thinking already of the picture I have in mind. After I have this rough dialogue done, I'll go back and polish it. Then in the final typewritten form which I send to Jim, I also describe each panel . . . what's happening, what the characters are doing, where they're facing, and so forth. Jim puts his 'Midas' embellishment on my cold typewriting and turns everything into a warm, living, breathing commodity called BLONDIE.

Hurd: I notice that a Blondie Sunday page always consists of more panels than the average comics Sunday page. You don't fill the space with panels involving huge closeups, etc. Why is this?

Young: My thinking is that the Blondie Sunday page is a kind of unique concept in that it offers to the reader a short story. Each Sunday we really try to tell what essentially is a short story in those 12 panels. I have to contrast that with some other Sunday pages which seem like extended dailies. I'm not knocking that way of doing things . . . just trying to clarify what we're trying to do. I need those 12 panels to tell that story.

Hurd: Do you think of any reactions you've had from readers lately?

Young: People ask me, "Where are the puppies . . . I haven't seen them around lately?" I explain that the puppies are still around, they're there . . . you just don't see them. They're nomadic in nature and they like to roam around the neighborhood, but Daisy is a more domesticated type of dog so you do see her. Besides that, it's very hard to draw those 5 little puppies in one panel.

Hurd: What did you think of the 'Blondie' movies, of which there were about 28 between 1938 and 1951?

Young: I think that in the era when they were done they were funny and still think a lot of that stuff is funny . . . although the humor in them was more slapstick than today's humor. I think we've upgraded our humor in the respect that it is more sophisticated today, just as the readers are. But don't get me wrong . . . if slapstick is done right . . . I think it can be extremely funny.

Hurd: Would you say something about your schedule, as far as writing 'Blondie' material is concerned.

Young: I do my dailies first, spending maybe 2½ days and one night on those, and then the rest of the week, plus another night, on the Sunday page. I like to vary the situations in accordance with Dagwood's work week. I'll try to have one daily which is involved with him at the office, maybe I'll throw in another at the lunch counter, then one where he's with Blondie on some domestic matter at home. Naturally, I won't have two dailies concerned with a door-to-door salesman back-to-back. Most of the time I establish the situation first, then I let the characters bounce off and react against one another until they do something that I think is funny. It's hard to explain but I think I attribute the final result to a dominant gene that my dad gave me.

Hurd: What do you do when you have one of those days when it's hard to come up with ideas?

Young: I may go through strips that have been done in the past because they can activate the machinery in your mind and stimulate you in new directions. I may utilize a different form of an idea that I run across in this way. Something happens in your mind that triggers a different version. ●

HONEY, DO YOU REMEMBER NAOMI WITHERSPOON?
SURE.. SHE WAS THAT PRETTY WIDOW WHO LIVED DOWN THE STREET ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO
YOU WERE RIGHT, TOOTSIE··· HE REMEMBERED HER!
HERB STILL REMEMBERS THE NAME OF HER MOVING VAN
YOUNG RAYMOND
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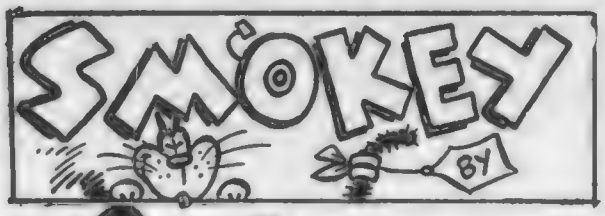
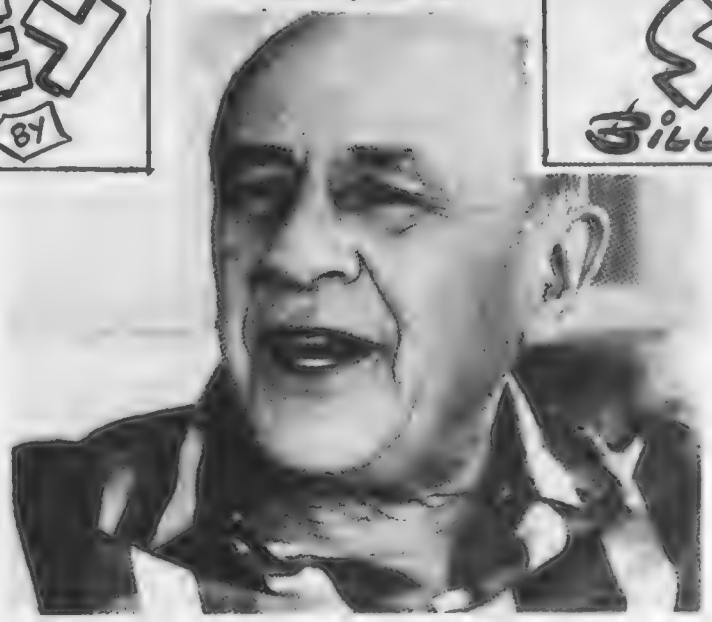


Photo by Jim Ruth



BILL HOLMAN

Recently we had the pleasure of hearing from our friend, BILL HOLMAN, the all-time cartoonist great, and the creator for so many years of the fabulous fireman, SMOKEY STOVER. A few years ago Bill decided to take it easy and retire from the syndicate field. But apparently the itch to draw and be funny is ever present with Notary Sojac, so Bill let us see some new cartoons he's just done with the thought of possible syndication in mind. However, he says he's not too anxious to go back to work. You'll find a few of them on the following pages. Incidentally, few people know that back in 1930, Holman helped J.I. Rodale start a humor magazine called 'Clown', which Rodale eventually developed into 'Prevention', which is now edited by his son, Bob Rodale, and which is a publication worth millions.

WALLANUTS

MOONLIGHT AND ROSE'S

WALLANUTS

THE TROUBLE WITH NUDISM IS THAT IT'S ALL HIDE AND NO SEEK.

WALLANUTS

I HAD IT PAINTED WITH PHOSPHOROS SO I CAN HITCH-HIKE AT NIGHT!

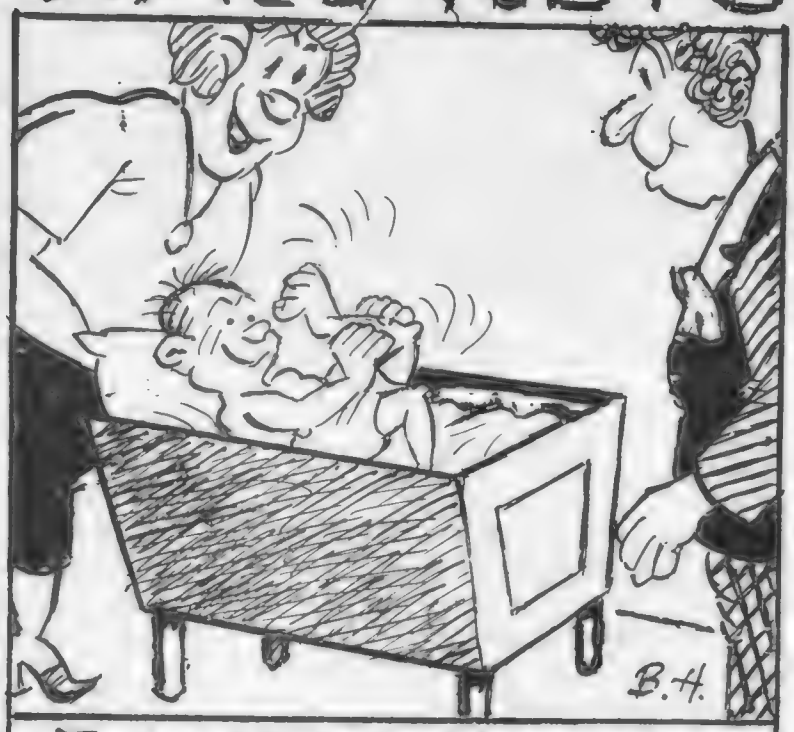
WALLANUTS

WHO SAID SHE WAS ALL THUMBS?

WALLANUTS

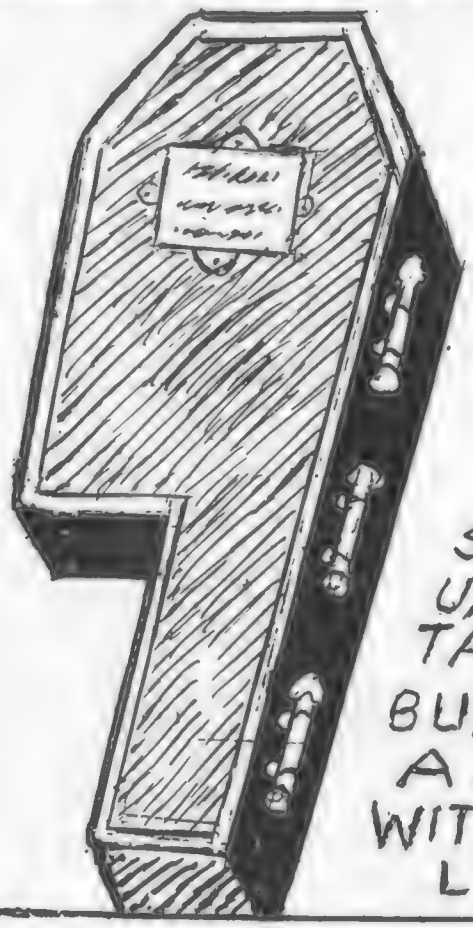
BARE FACT: THE CHARM OF THE PIN-UP IS NOT FROM THE CHIN UP.

WALLANUTS



IT MUST BE HEREDITY— JUST LIKE HIS FATHER FOREVER STRUGGLING TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

WALLANUTS



A SCOTCH UNDER-TAKER BURIES A MAN WITH ONE LEG.

WALLANUTS

NOTHING LIKE A FOOT BATH TO RELAX AND SOOTH YOU.

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Al Capp & Dogpatch, U.S.A.

An exhibition of artwork by Al Capp, "Dogpatch U.S.A., the Art of Al Capp," will be at the Museum of Cartoon Art from April 8 through July. The exhibit focuses on Capp's immortal "Li'l Abner" comic strip, which began in 1934 and ran until November, 1977. Original artwork by Capp from the Museum's collection, strips on loan from the Capp Estate and pieces from other private collections will highlight the exhibit.

"Li'l Abner" has become a legendary part of American culture. Among the many contributions made by "Li'l Abner" to American tradition and language are: Sadie Hawkins Day, "sob," "gulp," "natcherly," and "as any fool can plainly see." "Li'l Abner" also inspired a hit Broadway musical, two movies and many merchandising products, such as Shmoo dolls and Kickapoo Joy Juice.

At its peak, "Li'l Abner" was read by over 90,000,000 people every day in 900 newspapers in 52 different languages. This comic strip has long been noted for its biting political and social satire. Capp's varied personal and professional history, as well as his distinctive cultural impressions and opinions, are mirrored in his art and humor. He has often been acknowledged as one of America's foremost literary humorists.

The Museum of Cartoon Art is certainly proud to be able to offer this exhibit of Al Capp's work to the public.

SPECIAL SERVICES

The Museum is actively engaged in promoting cartoons and cartoonists in many ways. We provide information and graphic reproductions for researchers, publishers and authors for minimal fees. We can arrange for cartoonists and cartoon historians to speak at functions (ask for catalog of available speakers and rates). The Museum's facilities are often used for meetings of art groups and non-profit organizations (schedule dates with director). In many ways, the Museum acts as a community center, so bring your ideas and suggestions to us.

Third Annual Children's Cartoon Contest

The Museum of Cartoon Art held its third annual Children's Cartoon Contest. Cash prizes were awarded for 1st, 2nd and 3rd place drawings in each of four age groups: 17 and under, 14 and under, 11 and under, and 8 and under.

The winning drawings, including those receiving Honorable Mention in each age group, will be on exhibit at the Museum from mid-June through the end of July.

Children's Cartoon Workshop

The Museum of Cartoon Art offered an afternoon Children's Cartoon Workshop for elementary school-age children in April and May. Ms. Tanya Nikos, the Museum's Children's Art Specialist, led the workshops, which were designed to be fun and to develop the youngsters' natural creativity through cartooning. The workshops included cartoon drawing, creation of original comic characters and strips, making simple animation machines out of paper and cartoon history.

Spring Celebrity Guest Schedule

May 4: Guy Gilchrist, comic book artist, creator of "Superkernel" for Xerox.

June 1: Jimmy Margulies, New York area editorial cartoonist. Jimmy works with RothCo syndicate. His cartoons have appeared in the *New York Post, News Day, Boston Herald-American, U.S. News & World Report,* etc.

July 6: Leonard Starr, creator of the "On Stage" comic strip. Leonard has just revived Harold Gray's "Little Orphan Annie" with a new comic strip called "Annie."

The excellent reprint album of the 1941 'Terry & The Pirates' sequence, 'Raven Evermore', is still available in limited quantities for $4.00, plus 50¢ handling. As a special offer to CARTOONIST PROfiles subscribers and Museum members, we have a small quantity of books signed by Milton Caniff. They are available, as long as the supply holds out for $5.00 plus 50¢ handling. Mail checks to Museum of Cartoon Art, CTNYNS BOOKS, Comly Avenue, Port Chester, NY 10573.

Acquisitions

Editorial cartoonist Bill Sanders made a very generous donation of thousands of dollars worth of editorial cartoons by Ross Lewis and Tom Curtis.

Tom Curtis pitched in 20 additional political cartoons by Ross Lewis, Eddie Germano, Merle Cunnington, Mike Angelo.

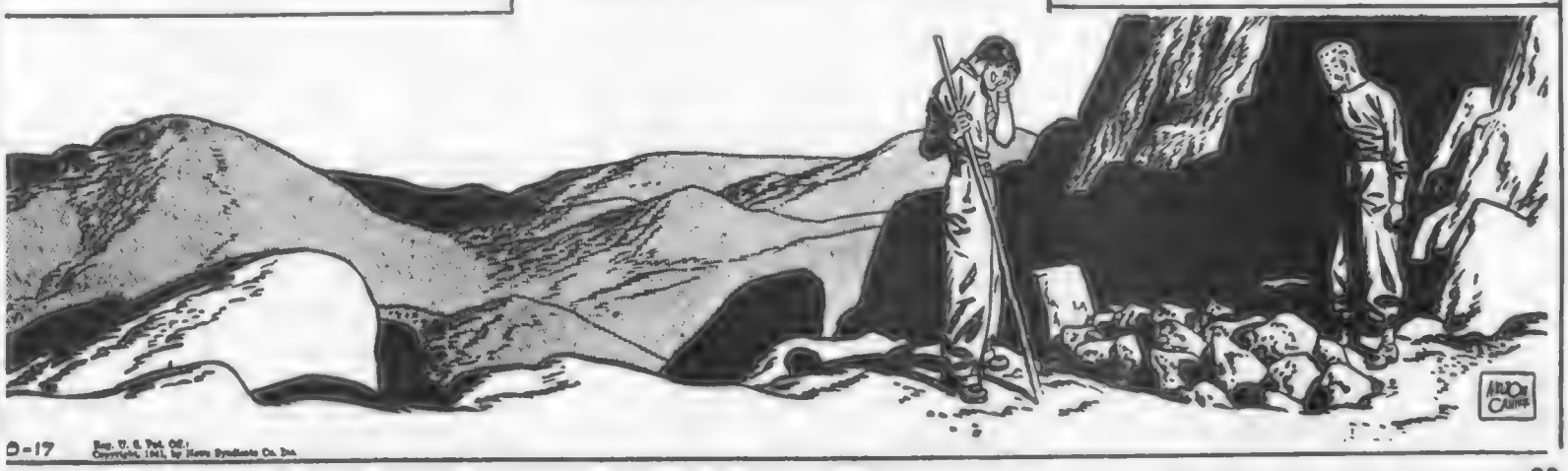
Guy Gilchrist (the Museum's Celebrity Cartoonist for May) gave us two more of his original "Superkernel" pages from the comic book that he and his brother, Brad, do for Xerox. The Gilchrist brothers also contributed numerous copies of "Superkernel" for sale in our gift shop.

Bob Naylor donated a pure "Bonzo" original.

We encourage any cartoonist with work in print to donate copies to the Museum gift shop. We raise needed funds this way, and the donations are tax deductible for you.

Howard Cruse donated three (3) of his own originals from his classic "Barefootz" series.

We need more donations of underground type artwork to round out our collection.



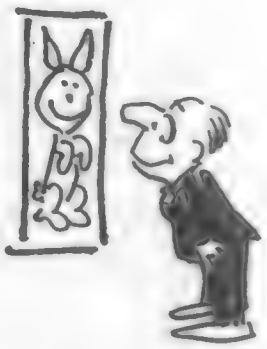
Update...

Museum Updates & Expands Permanent Exhibits

This summer the Museum will be undertaking the major task of re-designing all of its permanent displays. The Hall of Fame, the Historical Comics Collection, the Contemporary Comics Collection and the Cartoon Theatre will be expanded to accommodate the Museum's ever-increasing collection of artwork. New and better examples of currently represented cartoonists will be displayed, as well as artwork by artists who have never been represented before.

THE COLLECTION

Prime examples of hard-to-get cartoons will also be solicited from the nation's top collectors. The Museum hopes this expanded representation will present some of the finest creations in all the fields of cartoon production, including comic strips, comic books, editorial cartoons, animation, illustration, caricature, magazine cartooning, advertising, panel cartoons, etc. The exhibit renovation will include:



EXHIBITS

New Hall of Fame Members

It has been three years since the last group of illustrious cartoonists was named to this honored list. On March 21 ballots were sent out to the Hall of Fame jury which includes Rick Marschall, Bill Crouch, Jim Ivey, Thomas Inge, Art Wood, Boyd Lewis, Murray Harris, Toni Mendez, Jerry Robinson, Bill Blackbeard and Gus Turbeville. The current Hall of Famers are Rudolph Dirks, George Herriman, Winsor McCay, Thomas Nast, Richard Outcault, Rube Goldberg, Bud Fisher, Walt Kelly, Alex Raymond, Bill DeBeck, Charles Dana Gibson, Frederick Opper, George McManus, James Swinnerton, Roy Crane, Walt Disney, Hal Foster and E. C. Segar. Each member of the jury will nominate ten names, and new members must receive a majority of the vote. The new additions to the Hall of Fame will be announced on May 1 and their work will be exhibited in the Hall of Fame room at the Museum.

Bigelow Donates More Carpet

Part of the Museum's face-lifting will be new carpeting in all of the upstairs exhibit rooms. Bigelow Carpet Company was approached last fall by the Museum's president, Mort Walker, to see if they had any more of the cartoon carpet that they had donated previously. That brightly colored carpet, adorned with the likes of Popeye, Felix the Cat and Flash Gordon, elicits chuckles of surprise almost daily from Museum visitors. Unfortunately, Bigelow has since discontinued their cartoon carpet and did not have any left. But they did come back with a proposal. Many years ago they had a very successful ad campaign which centered around cartoons with the gag line, "A title on the door rates a Bigelow on the floor." They asked Mort Walker's staff to submit ideas for a new campaign, using the same theme, and promised to donate carpet to the Museum in exchange. The ideas that Frank Johnson, Bud Jones, Bob Gustafson and Mort Walker submitted were so well received that Bigelow shipped 165 square yards of carpet to the Museum. That is enough to cover the floors of four large upstairs exhibit rooms and will dress up the Museum considerably.

A title on the door...rates a **Bigelow** on the floor.

New Display Units

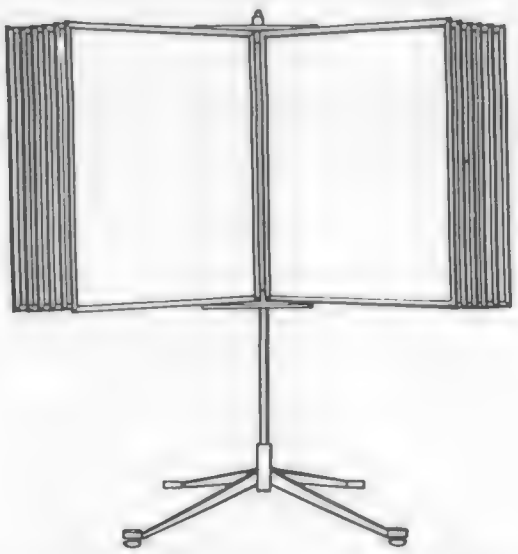
The Museum will supplement its existing wall and standing floor displays with a new type of unit which will significantly expand the over-all display area. These new fixtures consist of multi-panel wing displays which can be flipped through by the viewer. As a result, many of the cartoons, which have previously been stored in our archives, will now be included in our exhibits without having to increase our gallery space. The new exhibits will serve much like a library of cartoons, representing the work of many, many hundreds of cartoonists.

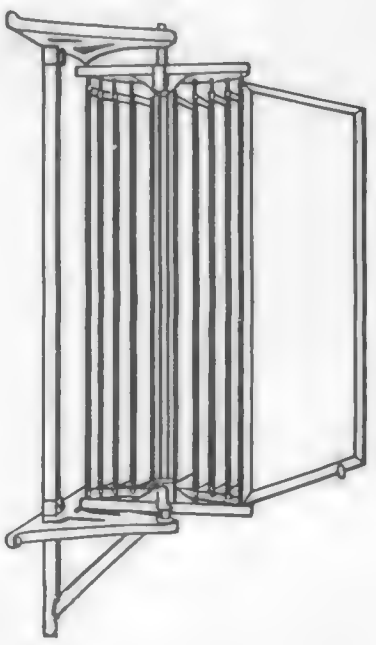
We Need Your Work Represented!!!

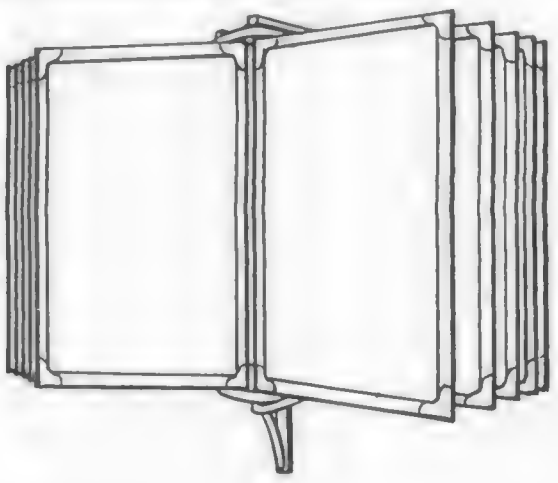
One of the most frequently asked questions professional cartoonists ask when visiting the Museum is, "Where is my work on display?" Close to 500 artists are represented in the Museum exhibits and we hope to increase that potential this summer. Unfortunately, there is just not the room to have every cartoonist who ever lived represented on the walls at one time. But, oftentimes, we simply do not have a representative piece of artwork for a particular cartoonist in our collection.

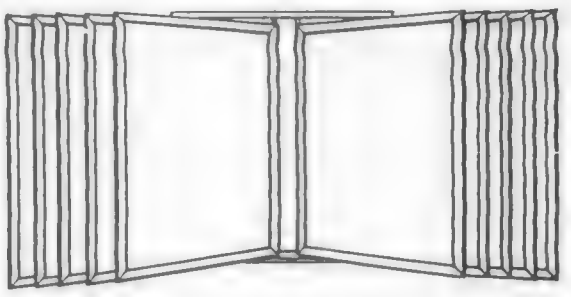
Since we do not purchase originals, the only way for us to obtain them is from the artists themselves. We *urge* you to donate at least one outstanding example of your work, if you want to be included in the Museum's exhibits. Now that we are reorganizing our exhibits, it is the ideal opportunity for you to send us something so you can be represented. We also need collectors, fans, relatives, dealers, etc. to insure that the Museum of Cartoon Art continues to be the most comprehensive showplace for the art form by donating pieces to our collection. We are in particular need of comic book art, animation material, illustrations and advertising drawings, magazine cartoons, underground cartoons, and artwork from *MAD, National Lampoon, Heavy Metal,* etc.

Send all artwork to: Brian Walker, Museum of Cartoon Art, Comly Avenue, Port Chester, New York 10573. Donations (other than your own work) can be appraised and deducted. Call for details: (914) 939-0234.









JOE KUBERT
Animation Course

Joe Kubert

Back in Issue #39 (September 1978) of CARTOONIST PROfiles we featured a story on The Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Art. And now we want to report to our readers a couple of exciting developments — one involving a new course at the school, and another having to do with Joe's own personal experimental work with a revolutionary new type of computer-assisted animation.

The first is the announcement that the school will offer a 3-year course in 'Cinematic Animation', commencing in September. Kubert began his career over 40 years ago as a cartoonist working for the comic books, and became a famous name in the field with his creation of many well-known comic book characters, as well as daily and Sunday newspaper syndicated features. Then, two years ago, he became involved in animation when he worked with a new form of animation which involves the use of *computers*. But more of that in a few minutes.

Recently Kubert commented on the addition of a well-known artist to the school staff in anticipation of the new course in cinematic animation.

"Howdy Doody is a name that recalls fond memories for millions of people, young and old. It was a famous TV show in the earlier days of TV, and was seen by millions of viewers. Milt Neil of Wayne, N.J. was the creator of the "Howdy Doody" puppet as well as all the other characters on the Howdy Doody show that appeared on television for many years.

"During its many years on TV, Milt Neil was active in designing many of the products that were used in promoting and licensing the show. Prior to this, Milt Neil was one of the chief story-board writers, animators and directors for the Walt Disney studios in Burbank, California. During his many years at that studio, he worked on features that included, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Pinnochio, Fantasia, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and many others. Naturally, we're very happy that Milt is joining our staff at the school."

Following is a brief rundown of some of the subjects which a student will encounter during his first year at the school: Basic Drawing, Fundamentals of figure drawing and anatomy, Narrative Art (which includes the basics of sequential story telling and communication by means of illustration), Layout, Design, Paste-Up and Mechanicals, Instruction in the uses and the varieties of materials, and *Introduction to Animation*. Introduction to Animation will include basic principles of movement as they apply to figures and objects. Timing, color and background will be explained and practiced, as well as the theory involving the foundations of animation. Upon successful completion of the first year, the student may be given the option to proceed with the following two years in cartoon illustration, or to concentrate on the intensive *animation* course for the remaining two years.

Here are some of the courses in the Second Year Curriculum: Intermediate-level Drawing, Life Drawing, and Movement as they apply to animation, Story Boards and Character Development, Introduction to the hardware and mechanical elements used in animation (Exposure, direction, music, sound effects and dialogue application), Instruction will be included pertaining to the usages of ink, pens, brushes, pencils, colors, paper, pegs, light discs, film, etc., and will stress professional levels required in the field of animation. Time will also be spent on In Betweening, and Layouts and Backgrounds.

The Third Year Curriculum will include,

Narration:

Comment:

ZOOM IN. VAGUELY IN B.G., WE SEE TABLE W/FISHBOWL & PLANT (IN VASE OR PLANTER)

S.E.: CRACKLING FLAMES (SOFTER)
PAGES TURNING

Story Board

in addition to advanced work in Basic Drawing, Advanced Story Boards, Character Development, and advanced work in subjects introduced during the first two years. And in The Animated Film course, all previous courses will come together and the students will assemble and concentrate their abilities towards the goal of completing their own animated piece. This, in effect, will be a finished portfolio.

The second exciting development that we wrote about earlier has to do with Joe Kubert's cooperation with the New York Institute of Technology, in a project involving the use of computers, whereby full true-to-life animation, using far fewer initial illustrations than previously necessary, was employed in creating the opening and closing segments of a new television series "The CBS Library". The results were revolutionary.

Original pencil sketch actually used in computer animation for the 'CBS Library' series.

Prefinished pencil sketch for computer animation of an entire new series in the production stage, featuring 'KARMAK', a science-fiction character created by Joe Kubert.

To put this new process as simply as possible, a Computer-Aided Animation System (CAAS) involves an animation station, at which an artist can draw characters with an electronic pen on a digitizing tablet in front of him, can fill these line characters with color, can paint backgrounds, and can simultaneously see the results of his drawing on a screen. As he draws on the tablet, a "cursor" follows the pen's motion on the screen in front of him. He can draw characters directly on the digitizing tablet, or he can trace characters which have been previously drawn on paper. When one drawing has been completed, the result can be stored in the CAAS at the artist's command.

Let's say that the artist makes the two 'extreme' drawings of a character who is going through a certain motion. These provide the computer with the necessary graphic information to generate *automatically* the necessary inbetweens. That is, the computer interpolates shapes and positions on the extremes to determine what the intermediate images should look like. According to Joe Kubert, inbetween drawings of *complicated* illustrations, have never been done previously. Once a specified number of inbetweens has been produced, the artist can review them on a graphic display processor. Then if an inbetween is wrong, the artist makes the necessary modifications with his electronic pen.

Rough sketches to determine movement for animation for KARMAK.

He can specify an electronic pencil test at his animation station, and can see all the drawings in rapid sequence for his study.

This CAAS system permits any number of levels of animation, according to the New York Institute of Technology. Conventional animation is limited to five levels of character images because the acetate overlays are not totally transparent, whereas as many as 20 levels have been used in early CAAS productions. And there is no degradation of the image in computer-assisted animation, whatever the number of levels.

The Institute further says that computer-aided animation, far from shrinking the role of artists, greatly enhances their productivity and so improves the economics of animation production. And as a tool in the hands of animation artists, a dedicated computer system automatically performs many of the non-creative tasks which have had much to do with the high cost and extended production schedules of animated films.

Pencil sketch actually used (un-inked) in computer animation. The inbetweens were done by computer for the 'CBS Library' program.

DOONESBURY

Dear Jud:

The Miami HERALD recently ran a piece about the problems that cartoonists are facing today, and what what we are trying to do at UPS to remedy them.

I think it would make interesting reading for your cartoonist subscribers. Perhaps you could get the reprint rights?

All best,

Garry Trudeau

The Miami Herald

After receiving this recent note from Garry Trudeau, we talked with MIAMI HERALD Staff Writer, Jay Maeder, who very generously granted us permission to reprint pertinent parts of a long story of his which appeared in the paper on September 23, 1979. We think you'll find it very interesting.

The comic strip business is a vast entertainment industry whose doings are not ordinarily the stuff of everyday conversation. You hear about the comics business chiefly when it is congratulating itself on the occasion of a watershed anniversary — Popeye, star of *Thimble Theatre,* turned 50 this year; *Gasoline Alley* hit 60 — or when some very famous feature retires after a long and respectable run.

News is made when Lucy pledges at last to hold the football in place for Charlie Brown. News is made when *Doonesbury's* Joanie Caucus is admitted to law school. News is made when *Mary Worth* finally does the unwed-mother story.

Behind the scenes there is a nuts-and-bolts business whose modern realities are seldom reported beyond the trade press, but which have everything to do with why your favorite features are, or aren't, run by your home town newspaper. They have everything to do with why your newspaper is running fewer strips than it was a decade ago and why it is running them measurably smaller. They have come to have everything to do with the very esthetics of the medium.

The modern realities are that 1) newspapers are regularly going out of business these days, and 2) the remaining papers face increasingly staggering newsprint costs that make a page of comics an expensive luxury for many an editor.

In a buyer's market, a seller is unwilling to offend a buyer. And syndicate resistance was minimal when, in the early '70s, the newsprint-crunched newspapers began to demand that smaller strips be provided.

Smaller strips meant the syndicates had to go to their cartoonists and demand fewer panels, less background detail, larger dialog balloons with fewer words in them.

Those conditions effectively limited the cartoonist's ability to build a gag or to construct a cogent dramatic narrative. Today, editors complain to syndicate executives that the comics somehow don't seem to be as good as they used to be.

Daily strips have already been reduced in size about as much as they can possibly be — let it be recorded, incidentally, that *Miami Herald* readers enjoy much larger daily comics than readers of many other papers — but resourceful new methods of reducing Sunday comics seem to be devised every week; running five or six features per page is no longer uncommon.

Doonesbury's Garry Trudeau has lately become the first cartoonist to officially resist the newspapers' widespread modern practice of reducing their daily and Sunday strips to barely readable sizes. Universal Press Syndicate, which distributes *Doonesbury,* has

announced a new contract stipulation that flatly prohibits client papers from reducing the strip beyond a specified point. Such a demand is unheard of in the comic strip business. In addition, Trudeau is stipulating that papers must run his strip on the comics pages and not, as some do, on the editorial pages. Universal unhappily expects to lose papers, and executives at other syndicates are horrified. Not because it's inherently a bad idea, but because *it is not the way things have always been done.*

Form dictates substance: Virtually across the board, cartoonists are obliged to incorporate throwaway panels into their Sunday strips so that a paper can throw as much as half of the feature away if that's what it cares to do.

"The customer is always right," sighs Bill Yates, comics editor at King Features Syndicate. "You can't sell cornflakes and tell people how to eat them."

The new *Doonesbury* contract marks the first modern-times occasion that anyone has ever told the customer how he must eat his cornflakes. It's a measure of the syndicate business' prevailing timidity that Garry Trudeau's action to preserve the integrity of his creative product is universally viewed as dangerous. It's dangerous, of course, because it might work, and then other cartoonists might make the same demand.

Yates, as it happens, is a former working cartoonist himself, and old sympathies run deep despite the temperance expected of a syndicate editor. In an unguarded moment he allows himself to say out loud what everyone really thinks. "Sometimes when I read the newspaper and I see the comics reduced down to such postage-stamp size, and I hear that they don't have the space, I look through that paper and I see all sorts of garbage, fillers, little factual tidbits that nobody gives a damn about, stories about something that happened in Bangor, Maine, or something. I can't see how they make such a fuss about a comic strip."

Editors, actually, love to fuss with their comic strips. Editors commission surveys and attend seminars and address one another and give one another awards. "The comics pages, after all, are virtually the only ones in the newspaper where we can, without compromising our own or our newspaper's integrity, give the reader precisely what he or she wants," Tom Wark of The Philadelphia Inquirer said in remarks before the Newspaper Comics Council last spring. "Our job as editors is to find out as certainly as our resources permit what the readers *do* want."

Accordingly, at the newspapers' level, the science of "comic strip management" has supplanted the old-fashioned seat-of-the-pants strip buying habits editors indulged themselves in when newsprint was cheap.

Three distinct "reader clusters" are identified. One group, chiefly older readers, gravitates to dramatic serials such as *Brenda Starr* or *Rex Morgan.* A second group likes the "sophisticated" humor strips of *Doonesbury* or *B.C.;* a third prefers "light" humor, those one-shot chuckles that one digests, passes over and forgets in a few seconds. Reader surveys and data-processing techniques are employed to help editors select a proportionate number of features for each group.

Adjustments are made for this and that factor. If a strip, for example, rates low with the overall readership, it may be a candidate for early cancellation — unless it happens to rate fairly well with some specific demographic group the newspaper has targeted, in which case it will probably stay.

What goes — and something surely will, if an editor plans to pick up a new feature for which he has decided he otherwise has no room — will be that strip whose disappearance will infuriate the fewest number of nontargeted readers. Theoretically, all this makes everyone happy.

The system is workable enough when the issue is deciding what existing strip to drop, but patently useless when the issue is deciding which new one to take on. Some newspapers query their readers about what new strips they'd like to see, a practice that is well-intentioned but fatally flawed: The readers, of course, have no idea what features are available. One who has never heard of *Star Hawks* is not likely to ask his local paper to carry it. Nor will he ask for vintage strips that the syndicates years ago stopped trying aggressively to sell because editors didn't want to buy them because there was no reader demand for them because the readers didn't know they were still around because editors hadn't bought them because the syndicates weren't selling them.)

At the syndicates' level, in turn, the name of the game is developing material that is not necessarily what anyone thinks the public might enjoy, but what is most likely to be bought by an editor concerned with managing his reader clusters.

The editor who cannot buy *Beetle Bailey* or *Hagar The Horrible,* either because he cannot afford them or because another area paper holds territorial exclusivity, can buy *Boner's Ark* or *Sam and Silo,* also products of the prolific Mort Walker-Dik Browne shop, and done in the same gentle style.

The editor who cannot buy *B.C.* can buy *Crock.* If *Peanuts* is not available, *Fred Basset* certainly is, assuming the editor thinks *Peanuts* is about a dog who talks to himself. The editor who can't buy *Blondie* or *Hi and Lois* has his choice of any number of other middle-class suburban strips where husbands rush to catch buses and wives stay home and burst into tears when the pork chops burn.

Gil Kane, who draws the 'Star Hawks' strip, has a number of thoughts about comic strips:

"It is possible for newspaper strips to be individual and intelligent and provocative and still be very, very popular if there are editors who want that sort of material and recognize it and promote it. Editors get what they ask for.

"Most businesses look for new ways. They have creative heads, they have all sorts of things to keep from standardizing their product. When they're too standardized and refuse to be competitive, they end up like Chrysler. I mean, European cars have their own market and they deserve it."

Doonesbury, a brash rule-breaker of a strip was widely perceived as a bad risk when the then-fledgling Universal released it nine years ago. "Look, I think you have to be motivated by profit," Kane says. "That's the only thing. But since every syndicate in the world is using a single standard and competing for a single market, look how intelligent it was for Universal to set up a separate standard and immediately supersede all the other syndicates.

"The point," he says, "is that if originality and an individualized point of view will make money, then I say that *it is viable to be original."* ●

THE FAITHFUL EMPLOYE
LETS SEE, UM! SHE LIVES ON THE SIXTH FLOOR, — HUH! I WONDER IF SHE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE ME! I CERTAINLY HOPE SO! I LOVE HER—
SAY, IF THE TELEPHONE BELL RINGS FOR ME I'M NOT IN, MRS. MAZOOM, MY SECRETARY, SOMETIMES ANNOYS ME THAT WAY!
I'M A WIDOW A TEAR TODAY!
I'VE PHONED, NOW I'VE CALLED HERE. YOU SAY HE'S NOT HERE I KNOW HE IS, 'CAUSE HE COMES HERE EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING!
MISSUS MAZOOM SAYS HE'S NOT HEAH! DASS ALL I KNOW DASS ALL I KNOW!

Winsor McCay

Here is another conversation between GORDON CAMPBELL, the well-known Comics Historian, and his wife, MARY, about the work of Winsor McCay.

A MAN CALLED "SILAS"

MARY:
Do you think the comic strips in the early years were better than the ones being produced today?
GORDON:
No, but they are different. Comics reflect the experiences and the thinking of the cartoonist, as well as the social customs of the times. What is amusing and interesting in one era may not be acceptable at a later time. The long running comics usually stay abreast of popular trends, styles and the thinking of the public. Cartoonists find it important to keep up with the reader's taste.
MARY:
I find some of these early pages were poorly drawn.
GORDON:
That is true. Comic strips were in a period of innovation and experimentation. It takes a long time to develop the skills necessary to become a successful cartoonist. These men were fairly new at this profession. There were no precedents for style or format and many artists stuck to the basic concepts established by the earlier humorists.
MARY:
Who do you think influenced the direction the comic strips would take?
GORDON:
Probably George McManus and Winsor McCay were responsible. By 1906 both men had developed a style of drawing that was distinct and easily recognized without a signature. They were the most revolutionary artists of that period. No other artist was inclined to copy their style, but it did bring the comics out of the stereotype and slapstick state.
MARY:
A lot of people remember "Little Nemo in Slumberland".
GORDON:
Yes, it became a classic. It is one of the few old comics to be reprinted in numerous articles and books. Also, it was reprinted in the comic sections during 1947. The Richardson Syndicate reworked the full pages into half page size for the rerun.
MARY:
Did McCay draw comic strips before he created "Little Nemo"?
GORDON:
Yes, McCay was probably thirty six years of age when he created "Little Nemo", in 1905. There is no record of his birth, but he was born in Spring

Copyright, 1912, National News Ass'n.

By Winsor McCay

WHY NOT CELEBRATE YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF WIDOWHOOD BY ACCEPTING ME AS YOUR SECOND HUSBAND—
I'LL THINK IT OVER. MR. BIZZ!
EXCUSE ME, MR. BIZZ. BUT I MUST TALK TO YOU A MOMENT—
JINGLES YOU ARE THE LIMIT! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
I HAD TO CALL THE FIRE DE--PARTMENT TO GET TO YOU— AHEM! THAT BARGE OF PIG IRON YOU WERE SO ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR SUNK LAST NIGHT. I JUST GOT A TELEGRAM. WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW ABOUT IT?
6-11-1912

by Gordon Campbell

Lake, Michigan, where his father was in the lumber business. Winsor stayed in Spring Lake only long enough to get a limited education. For a while he worked in a local sawmill, then went to Chicago. He had considerable natural talent in drawing. In Chicago he found a job with a company which made woodcuts for printing posters to advertise traveling shows and circuses. He became friends with many show business people and would often travel around with them. This brought him to Cincinnati where the old Vine Street Dime Museum employed him to portray its wonders. McCay's pictures of the Vine Street's marvels were so well liked that newspapers asked to use them as illustrations. This led to a job offer on the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. His knowledge of perspective and figure drawing was so superb that the Cincinnati Enquirer hired him to illustrate news events.

In 1902 he decided that New York would offer more opportunities for his type of artwork. McCay worked his way east, taking time to paint posters wherever he stopped. Late in 1903 we find him working on the New York Evening Telegram and soon see a daily cartoon with a strange title called "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend", by Silas. It was in 1904 that he inserted a note in one of the cartoon panels inviting the public to send in letters about their dreams. He received stacks of letters telling him about unusual dreams and comments on dreams. He also got hundreds of letters telling him that he had misspelled the title. That it should be rabbit for those partaking of Welsh Rabbit. McCay claimed poor spelling is an artist's prerogative, so it remained as he named it. Many times he used the word cheese cake or cheese pie instead of Welsh Rarebit that caused the dream.

McCay's success with "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" prompted the Herald (the parent company of the Evening Telegram) to add his features to the Sunday comic supplement. He originated "Sammy Sneeze" and "Hungry Henrietta" under the Winsor McCay signature while doing "A Pilgrim's Progress by Mister Bunion", "Poor Jake" and "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" for the Telegram using the pseudonym of "Silas".

Late in 1905 "Little Nemo" appeared among the Herald's comics; it remained as a star attraction until McCay went to the Hearst organization in 1911. In the American Examiner it was drawn under the title of "In The Land of Wonderful Dreams" instead of the Herald's "Little Nemo In Slumberland". A lawsuit re-

THE STORY OF HUNGRY

WE CALLED TO SEE THAT BIG BOUNCING BABY OF YOURS

OH WE'VE GOT TO SEE HENRIETTA YES—

WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH A-BOUT THAT BABY OF—

OH! ISN'T SHE JUST AS SWEET AS SHE CAN BE. BRING HER TO ME.

SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME SEE SEE SEE STOP MAKING GOO GOO EYES AT ME. I SEE YOU. I SEE—

OH DARLING ISN'T.. SHE A LITTLE JEWEL. COME TO AUNTIE. TUM TUMMY TO ME. YES SHE IS A SWEETY LITTLE PETTY. TUMMY TO AUNTIE OOZEY—

NEVER SICK A MINUTE-AND EA MY YOU OUGHT T SEE HER EA

OH OH OH HO UPSY DAISY UPSY DAISY DE DFE

AH AW YOU FRIGHTEN HER YOU SCARE HER

DON'T CRY DARLING!

SHE WONT CRY SHE JES AS GOODY AINT SHE?

NO SHE WONT BE 'CROSS GRAND PA'S HERE

OH SHE WANTS TO COME TO ME DAY DAY DAISY DONT OO BE FAIDY

HERE HERE DARLING HERE I AM HERE'S GRAND MA

OH SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FEL-LOW SHE'S A—

UPSY DAY DUM DEE DIDY DE

HENRIETTA

CHAPTER TWO

SHE'S JUST SIX MONTHS OLD TODAY AND AS GOOD AS SHE CAN BE

GIVE HER TO ME SHE GOING TO CRY. OH SHE IS SO CUTE OH ISN'T SHE A LITTLE DEAR

UP SEE DAY. MY ISN'T SHE HEAVY DONT BE FRAIDY AUNTY WANTS TO-

AINT YOU TRYING TO FLIRT WITH ME? YES YOU ARE

HO HO HO WHO IS THAT? HENRIETTA

YES SHE SO GOOD YES

OH OH OH OH OH MUST'NT BE CROSS THAT'S AUNTY

YES! GRAND MA IS HEREY

UMPT TEE UMP E A DEY UMP ONT YOU CRY-

DEE DEDLE DE DI DIDDLE UMP TEE I DIDDLE DEE

WHITE FA LALL TIDDY FAL LAY TIDDY FA LAY

DEEDLE DE DEE DUM DE DEEDLE

OH OH MUST'N CRY

I THINK SHE'S HUNGRY

(COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

JAN 15, 1905

WINSOR McCAY

DREAM OF THE RAREBIT FIEND

BY SILAS

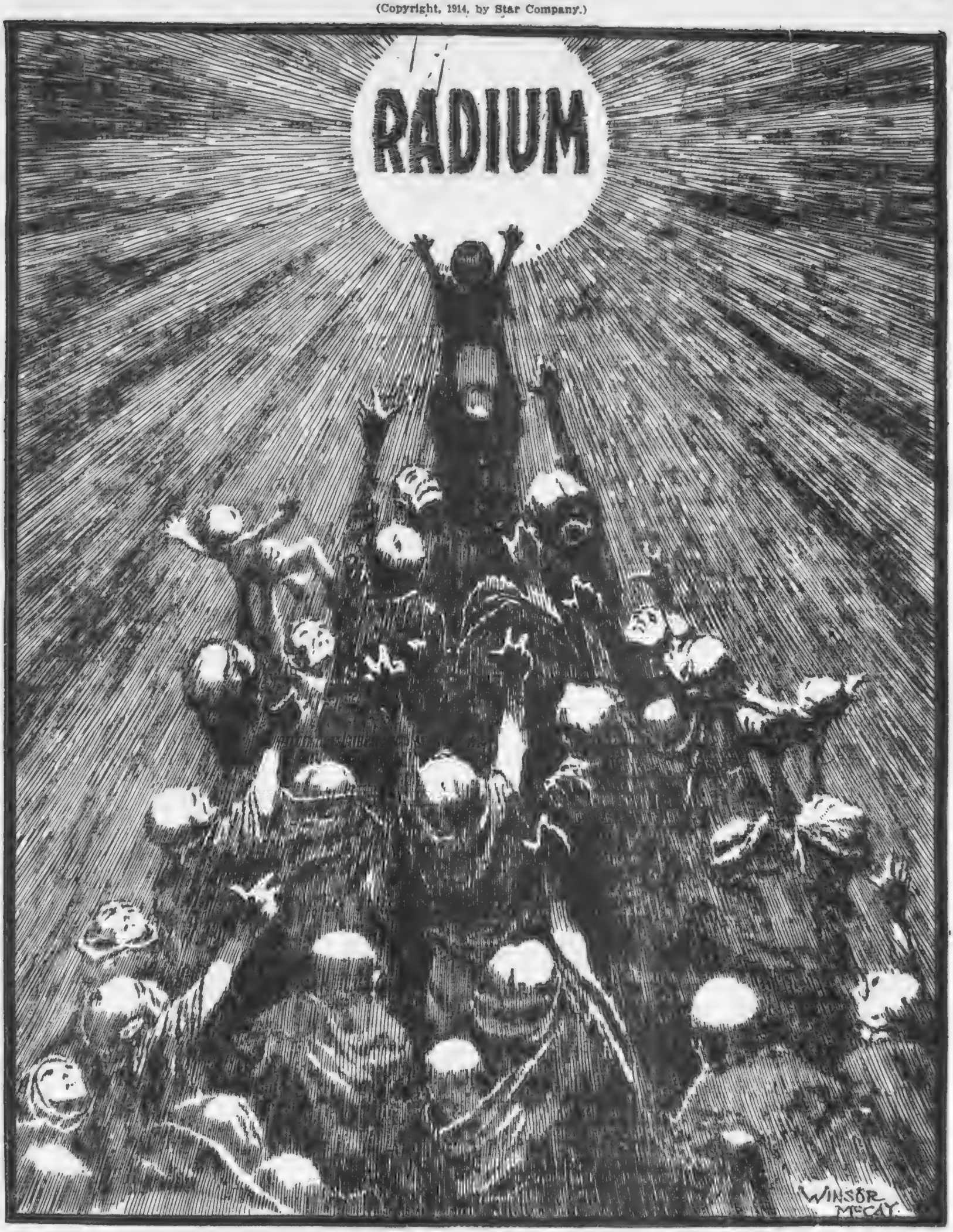
SAY, SILAS! I HEARD YOU WERE DOING AN ACT ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE. EVERY BODY SAYS IT'S A PEACH, TOO. I'M GLAD TO HERE IT, SILAS.
YES, IT'S A BEAUT!
ALLOW ME, SILAS, TO CONGRATULATE YOU. I SAW YOUR PERFORMANCE ON THE STAGE AND I ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH. IT WAS THE BEST ACT IN THE SHOW
YES. THANK
SAY, THAT LITTLE STUNT YOU ARE DOING ON THE STAGE IS A PIPPIN! EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT IT. I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS IN YOU, SILAS.
IT WAS A BIG HIT
IS THIS SILAS? WELL I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR ACT IS JUST SIMPLY, OH! GRAND! YOU ARE SO CLEVER!
EH. YEH!
HERE'S ANOTHER BIG BUNCH OF LETTERS FROM MANAGERS, OFFERING YOU ENGAGEMENTS, SILAS.
THEY WANT ME, YOU BET
THERE'S SOME LADIES OUT SIDE WHO SAID YOU WUZ DE HANDSOMEST MAN DAT DEY EVER SAW COME ON A STAGE, DERE A SWELL BUNCH, TOO, I WUS A LISTENIN' TO 'EM.
UM. HUH!
MR. SILAS, COULD YOU DO YOUR ACT BEFORE THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE'S NEXT WEEK? I WISH YOU COULD!
SURE! I CAN, SIR!
SAY, SILAS! COULD YOU HOP OVER TO LONDON AND PARIS, NEXT WEEK? THEY'VE CABLED OVER FOR YOU, YES?
IN A MINUTE YES!
CAN YOU DO YOUR ACT AT MRS. VANDERFELLERS, TONIGHT?—
YES MAM!
THE ART STUNDENTS LEAGUE HAVE A BRASS BAND OUT SIDE. CAN YOU COME AND MAKE A SPEECH
OH! WAS YOU ASLEEP? SAY I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLAYED AT K. & P.'S THEATRE LAST WEEK AND I LIVE NEXT DOOR, TOO. HUH. YES.
I ATE A CHEESE PIE FOR LUNCH TODAY AND WHAT A HEAD I HAVE!
SILAS

12-3-06

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.).

HOPE!

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.)



LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND

1

I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE MOST WONDERFUL GARDEN ONE COULD IMAGINE

CANT WE RIDE IN SOMETHING BESIDES THIS, EH?

2

THESE ARE HONEY BUDS. ARENT THEY SWEET? THEY NEVER DIE

SAY! AH, EH CANT WE PLUCK A COUPLE OF THEM PLEASE!

3

I WANT TO TAKE YOU UP TO MY TERRACE GARDEN WHERE THE REAL FLOWERS ARE

WELL! IF THAT ISNT NICE! I WAS WONDERING WHERE THAT NEMO WAS

YOU HAVENT GOT ANYTHING THAT WILL BEAT THOSE HONEY BUDS, HAVE YOU?

4

WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THIS PART OF THE GROUNDS NEMO

ILL JUST TOUCH HIM WITH THIS LIGHTED CIGAR AND SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM TWO.

5

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.

6

THERE'S THAT BOY DREAMING AGAIN. I HEARD A THUMP. I THINK HE HAS FELL OUT OF BED. HEY! NEMO!!!

ITS ME PAPA

WINSOR McCAY

sulted over the use of the Herald's characters; by 1914 Nemo had disappeared from the comic pages. It was revived in 1924 when McCay once again returned to the New York Herald Tribune. In 1926 he switched back to the New York American and remained with Hearst until his death in 1934.

MARY:

So much for "Little Nemo", let him sleep. What was Winsor McCay doing on the New York American?

GORDON:

McCay was like Frederick Opper in that he drew editorial cartoons as well as comics. In fact, he did them for many years. I have an original from 1907 and some clippings from his early days on the American. He did political cartoons for both the Herald and Hearst during his lifetime.

MARY:

He was a busy man in animation, too.

GORDON:

McCay was one of the pioneers in that field. In 1909 and 1910, working alone in his Flushing, New York studio he turned out thousands of drawings which were photographed and released by Vitagraph, under the title "Winsor McCay Makes His Cartoon Move". In 1911, he made a second production called "How A Mosquito Operates". This one was sold to Carl Laemmle. And his third effort was the famous "Gertie The Dinosaur" and was bought by William Fox. McCay's animated cartoons were not sufficiently successful and he discontinued making them; his last full length film cartoon was the "Sinking Of The Lusitania".

J. Stuart Blackton had experimented with animation in 1906, when the first cartoon was made in anything resembling the modern method, with film and camera.

MARY:

Didn't you tell me that many strip cartoonists got their start in animation?

GORDON:

Yes, it is an allied field, so it isn't unusual to find a cartoonist who has worked in both areas, especially since the 1930s. Even back in the early days of McCay we found John R. Bray doing an extended animated series, with a character called "Colonel Heeza Liar", in 1913. Bray had created several newspaper comics before his advent into animation with such titles as "Singing Sammy", "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" and "Die Dachels, You Gotta Quit Kickin' Us Dogs Around". During this period Sidney Smith did "Old Doc Yak" for the Selig Polyscope Company in Chicago. It was a feature in the Chicago Tribune from 1912 to 1919. And Smith drew "The Gumps" from 1917 to 1935.

Earl Hurd was credited with many film techniques and is remembered for his Bobby Bump Series. Years later he drew "Susie Sunshine" for the old Graphic Newspaper Syndicate.

Paul Terry was another old timer. He had worked on the West Coast for ten years as a photographer, newspaper artist and a cartoonist for such papers as the Portland Oregonian, San Francisco Bulletin and San Francisco Chronicle. Terry came East and worked on the New York Press newspaper and also did a comic strip for Hearst. He entered the animation field and produced "Little Herman" and sold it outright to Tannhauser Films, a New York distributor. During the nineteen twenties Terry was widely acclaimed for his production of Aesop's Fables. Paul Terry and the company he founded, Terrytoons, produced more than a thousand cartoons. After he retired, in 1955, Terrytoons was sold to the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MARY:

Is there anything else you want to say about Winsor McCay?

GORDON:

There are a lot of things to be said about the man and his work. Back in 1906 his comic features had become so popular that he was under contract for vaudeville performances that brought him $1,000 a week for two twenty minute appearances daily.

He once painted a picture in oil of a man dying of thirst in Death Valley, and almost everyone that visited the exhibition turned away with a smile. He asked a critic what caused the merriment and he replied "because it's funny; the dying man looks like he is kidding." (No doubt, some of McCay's dry humor.) Throughout Winsor McCay's career his newspaper strips leaned far more on incident and fantasy than they did on humor.

After all these years, "Little Nemo" has continued to hold a band of admirers and also attract new ones through the pages that a few people were foresighted enough to save. "Little Nemo In Slumberland" stands out as his greatest achievement. ●

SALLY ARTZ.

When the large group of British cartoonists visited New York and The Museum of Cartoon Art last October, your editor had the pleasure of meeting SALLY ARTZ, who has been very successful in England with several types of cartoons. At that time we asked her if she would tell her story for CARTOONIST PROfiles readers. Following is her reply.

A Londoner born and bred, I was hooked on comic drawing from earliest infancy and drew cartoon characters incessantly on every available drawing surface. I was lucky to have parents, artists themselves, who considered making a living at drawing perfectly normal, and I must have been about fourteen when the idea of a career as a cartoonist began to take vague shape. However, it was some 4 or 5 years later, after a two-year stint at art school, studying general drawing and commercial design, that my first published cartoon hit the national press. After that, there was no going back, and I carried on drawing cartoons in the evenings while working in various commercial art and animation studios during the day. The work we did at the studios taught me at least one valuable lesson which I've never forgotten — no matter how brilliant a piece of artwork may be, it's useless to an editor or an advertising agency unless it's reliably ON TIME.

At that period in the late Fifties, publications carrying gag-cartoons were wonderfully numerous, and the pay was good in relation to the average wage. Unfortunately, it was the tail-end of the cartoon boom, and over the next fifteen to twenty years, while wages and cost-of-living spiralled, cartoons payments in Britain remained at Fifties level. I became a member, at its inception, of the Cartoonists' Club of Great Britain, and have enjoyed a long and happy association with the Club. Although its primary function is a social one, certain fellow club-members have been instrumental in the recent betterment of prices and the prestige of cartoonists in the U.K.

Having now chalked up 25 years in the cartoon business, I can't think of any way I'd rather make a living. The majority of those years were spent selling to the gag-cartoon market, but I have also drawn and written a number

LIBBY The adventures of a liberated wife—by SALLY ARTZ

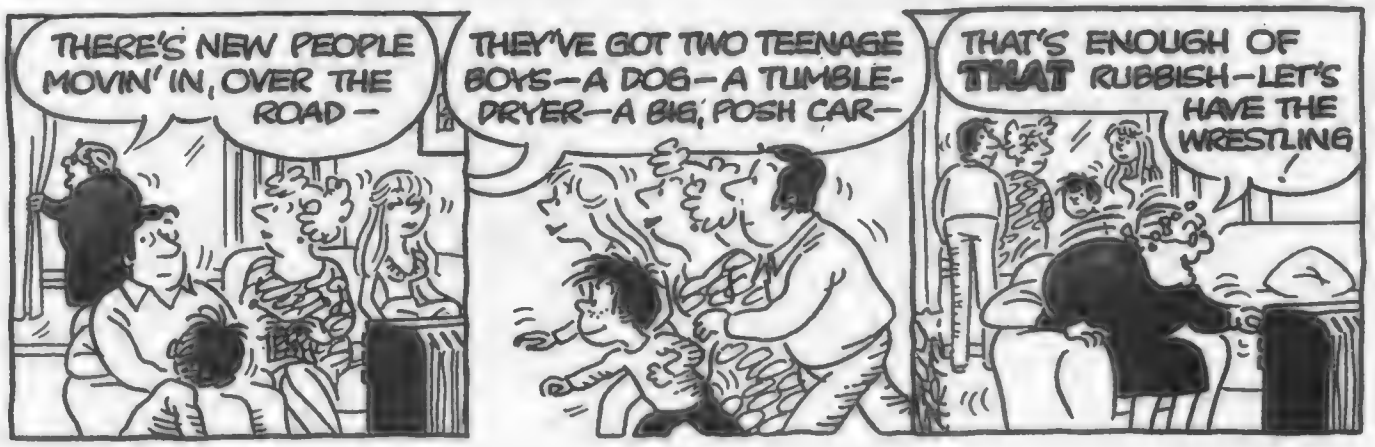
I KNOW IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU
THAT WAS THE SIXTH BUS YOU'VE LET GO BY—WHAT'S THE IDEA ?
WE MADE A HUSBAND-AND-WIFE BARGAIN
FIRST ONE HOME COOKS THE SUPPER
BUS STOP

©"Sunday People"

OUR GRAN BY SALLY ARTZ

©"TITBITS"

OUR GRAN


THERE'S NEW PEOPLE MOVIN' IN, OVER THE ROAD—
THEY'VE GOT TWO TEENAGE BOYS—A DOG—A TUMBLE-DRYER—A BIG, POSH CAR—
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT RUBBISH—LET'S HAVE THE WRESTLING!

©"TITBITS"

"I'D SAY, LOOSEN HIS SHOELACES AND QUICKLY. BUT WHO LISTENS TO CHIROPODISTS ?"

©Punch

©"TITBITS"

"OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE ! THE MEAL'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES LATE!"

"BARRY'S INDEPENDENT AS HELL — HE'S SELF-UNEMPLOYED."

©Punch

"I STILL MISS HIM, WHENEVER THERE'S BLAME TO BE LAID."

"LIBBY" — The adventures of a liberated wife"

QUITE A LITTLE JOKER, AREN'T YOU!
THAT YOUNG LIBRARIAN THINKS HE'S SO FUNNY! WHEN I RETURNED "EVERY WOMAN'S GUIDE TO ELECTRICAL MAINTENANCE AND REPAIRS"—
—HE ASKED IF IT HAD A HAPPY ENDING!

©"Sunday People"

of strip-cartoons in national papers, 2 of which, "LIBBY — the Adventures of a Liberated Wife" in the "Sunday People", and "OUR GRAN" in "TITBITS", have been currently running, each week for 7, and 2 years respectively. The best thing about a strip, to me, is the opportunity it gives the author/artist to develop a character or set of characters (though a weekly strip naturally gives less scope for continuity than a daily). The completely different approach of strip-work provides variety from the single-gag medium. Also, I like the challenge of producing the strip regularly.

My gag-cartoon sales cover a fairly wide spectrum, including "Punch", "Oui", and "Penthouse", but mainly in the domestic situation-comedy field, a lot of them concerned with teenagers. (Our own three teenagers, Heather, Amanda and Tony, are now doing things I've been drawing for years.) I also draw a regular illustrative feature in the "Daily Mirror", which is fun to do.

Ideas sessions take the form of day-long struggles at the drawing-board with pen and jotter, working on captions, refining, shortening where possible, getting the "sound" and balance right. When I'm satisfied a gag-drawing works, it goes into my Ideas Book, there to mature until drawing-up time, when it may seem more, or less, funny than it did the day before. Incidentally, I know a lot of cartoonists "doodle" initially during an ideas-session, rather than play with words — this would seem to indicate two distinct species — the visual-ideas people and the writer-cartoonists. My visual memory is very bad (I never recognize people's faces, only their names) and so I rely quite a bit on reference-photos. I write all my own gags, — don't think I could work with an ideas-man. This is much more usual practice in Britain than in the USA — most of the British magazine cartoonists I know write their own material.

I use a Rotring Graphos pen, which replaced my ancient, school-type pen when I found nibs for the latter difficult to come by. I find the Graphos ideal, as the quickly-interchangeable nibs mean the same pen can be used for foreground figures, background detail, lettering on strips, etc., with the minimum of trouble. The nibs are nice and flexible, and the ink reservoir saves time on ink-dipping. Pencil-work is done with a 3B, on Daler hot-pressed card for b/w, (a watercolour paper for colour-work), and I always ink-in with a fixed indian ink, being of that nervous temperament which imagines art editors' cups of tea (or other liquids) being spilt over pains-taking artwork.

I generally submit "finishes", though I do fairly tight preliminary roughs for the strips, and for "Punch".

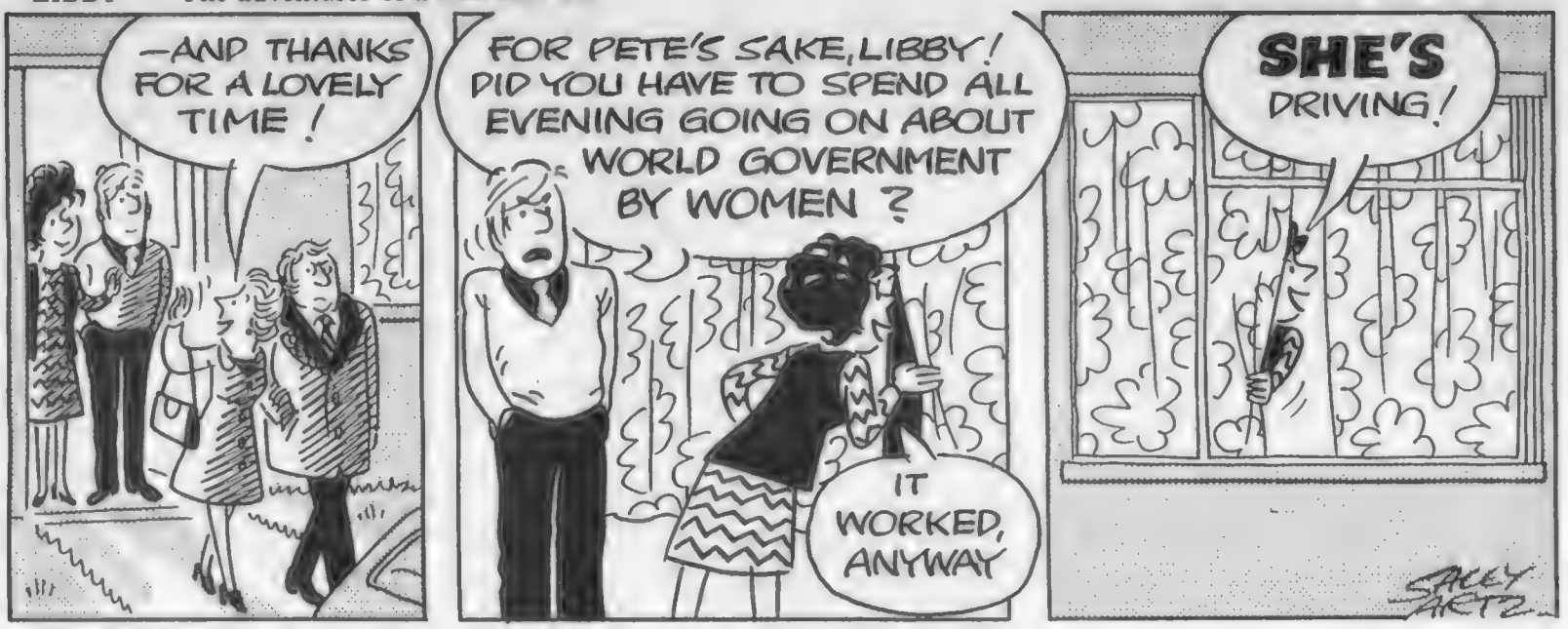
One thing I've never done is consciously to try and draw in a particular

"LIBBY" — The adventures of a liberated wife"

©"Sunday People"

MY HUSBAND'S BOUGHT A HOME-MADE WINE KIT
MINE WANTED TO TRY THAT—
—BUT I MANAGED TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT!
CHI LEE CHINESE TAKE-AWAY
WHATEVER FOR?
HOME-MADE WINE'S ONLY THE START—
NEXT THING YOU KNOW, HE'LL BE WANTING HOME-MADE FOOD!

"LIBBY" — The adventures of a liberated wife"


—AND THANKS FOR A LOVELY TIME!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, LIBBY! DID YOU HAVE TO SPEND ALL EVENING GOING ON ABOUT WORLD GOVERNMENT BY WOMEN?
IT WORKED, ANYWAY
SHE'S DRIVING!
SALLY HARTZ

©"Sunday People"

style other than what comes naturally. I'd always tell anyone starting in the business, — concentrate on putting the gag across the best way possible, and your style will take care of itself. Of course one is bound to be subconsciously influenced by the work of people one admires, but you sometimes see one artist's work modeled so much on another's that they are virtually indistinguishable. I don't like to see that.

I've always related very strongly to American humour, being fortunate, when very young, to have a grandmother who read Thurber to me, and an aunt living in Long Island, N.Y., who used to send us the American Funnies, so that I grew up with the schmoos in Dogpatch, Hans and Fritz, Maggie and Jiggs, The Little King, and all the rest. It was therefore a special thrill for me, to spend a week in New York last October, with other members of our British Cartoonists Club, and to meet long-admired American cartoonists. Nothing beats talking cartoon "shop", even if you have to cross the Atlantic to do it! We were all shown the most wonderful hospitality during our stay, and made some really good friends — a week to remember.

Sometimes people ask me why there aren't more women cartoonists. Simply don't know the answer to that one. It certainly never occurred to me, when I started, that cartooning was a male-dominated profession. It was just something I'd always wanted to do, so I went ahead and did it. Events such as pregnancies and confinements, and the ups and downs of bringing up young kids, do slow one's cartoon output down a little, but, on the other hand, provide endless gag material (what doesn't), and I've never met with any sex-discrimination in this business — maybe I've just been lucky.

My husband, Roy, has survived 22 years of marriage to a compulsive cartoonist and still retains his sanity! He acts as my accountant, checks my drawings for any glaring technical errors, and in general shows a pretty tolerant attitude towards the mad world of cartooning. He now runs his own, very successful small business, so we can sympathize with each other over the difficulties of the self-employed.

There are so many things I'd still like to do, cartoonwise — (one of them being a return visit to New York). A great thing about this business is, you don't have to retire, and can just keep on struggling to improve, till you drop. Maybe "struggling" is the operative word — I've known some fine cartoonists who have found the going too rough for various reasons and have left the business. It always seems a shame. I can't imagine doing anything else, so guess I'll just keep drawing. ●

"Our Gran"

©"TITBITS"

GRAN, IT'S COUSIN BILLY, ALL THE WAY FROM AUSTRALIA!
IT'S HIS FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS
NICE T'SEE YOU
PITY YOU PICKED MY BINGO NIGHT!

ANIMATION

by Grim Natwick

The several talents needed to produce an animated cartoon resemble a cast of characters from a Moliere play. The animators are, or course, the mountebanks. A director may be a Punchinello or a Bacchus. Other characters are the camera men, the artists who plan backgrounds and, of course, the musicians and those golden tonsilled folk who simulate the voices of rabbits, mice, witches, clowns and cartoon heroines. And, oh yes, the storymen.

I have always been fascinated by storymen. They are not normal people. They appear to be but that goes no further than their physical appearance. They are mild-tempered Dr. Jekylls until they begin working on a story. Then they become Mister Hydes, fanged monsters, destructive psychopaths. Like computerized sausage machines, they attack an idea, chew it up and finally regurgitate it in a strange but hopefully amusing form.

In the romantic 1930's and 40's, they devastated the verdant pasture lands of Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, Mother Goose and Hans Christian Anderson in their avaricious search for story plots they could turn into grist for the animation mills.

Suppose you wish to make an animated cartoon. You reach into a grab-bag of story plots and come up with the famous old yarn about Goldilocks and the Three Bears; the mama bear, the papa bear and the baby bear. Now what do you do?

Let's be honest about Goldilocks and the three bears. After all, what actual drama was there in the story? Goldilocks ate a dish of porridge and fell asleep on the baby bear's bed. You can't build another 'Gone With The Wind' out of that! So what alternative do you have?

You have only one alternative. You put together a story group of men like Cal Howard, Mike Maltese, Cliff Roberts, Larz Bourne, to pick a few names at random, and you ask them to build a story that viewers will find entertaining. These are men with infinite imaginations, men endowed with cerebral divining rods who search out new springs of comedy in yesterday's over-

When I first met June Foray I was not sure if I was meeting a short girl or a tall doll. June is a doll — a composite of enthusiasm and loveliness.

The International Society of Animation (ASIFA) has branches in fifty-five different countries. For several years June was president of ASIFA Hollywood. Under her presidency the Hollywood branch grew in membership until it became the largest ASIFA group in the world.

She was the voice of Rocky the Flying Squirrel, Natasha, Nell, Knot-head and Splinter, and Granny for Warner Bros.

worked wastelands. They will re-write the story and give it the zing needed for today's audience.

Mama Bear may be transformed into a Marilyn Monroe with fur or maybe into a fussy, exacting old Grandma Moses with glasses that keep slipping from her nose. Papa Bear may become a seasoned old windbag on the precipice of a nervous breakdown. The baby bear may come out of the story oven as a bloated six foot four inch blimp with a voice that resembles a trunk full of exploding balloons. When he utters his famous line, "Someone has been eating my porridge" he does not expect to be immediately sworn into the Phi Bet a Kappa, and, of course, he is not. But he does expect a modest guffaw from the teenagers, the Rock fans, the three year olds and the guys in the TV beer ads; — and that is quite a big audience.

As a teenager, Jack Mercer was drawing inbetweens at the Max Fleischer studio. To entertain the other artists he used to imitate the voice of Popeye the Sailor, reciting various bon mots of the day.

About this time Max was having contract problems with the pro. actor who had been doing the voice. Somebody told Max about Mercer's imitations and Max called him into a recording session. Jack did so well he became the official voice of Popeye and is still doing the voice after a third of a century.

Story patterns, voices, characters — these are the things that animated cartoons are made of; these and music and sound effects, color and design and, of course, animation. Animation provides a vehicle for the others.

At the beginning, animation survived without them. When sound came, it added impact to the art. Color added beauty. Story writers joined the galaxy and voices gave animation a final accent. Can you imagine Betty Boop without the scintillating voice of Mae Questel? Can you visualize throaty bombastic Mr. Magoo without Jim Backus? For forty years Jack Mercer has supplied the vocal muscle for Popeye the Sailor.

The magic of Daws Butler has given us Fred Flintstone, Huckleberry Hound, Yogi Bear and a host of other animation personalities. Bill Scott, in the Jay Ward entourage, has provided voices for Bullwinkle, Dudley Doright and Super Chicken. The voices of Rocky, the flying squirrel, and the slinky spy, Natasha Fatale, originated in the acrobatic throat of petite June Foray, voice specialist for numerous Hollywood studios. Mel Blanc, dean of voice contortionists, has given us Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig and a whole library of other famous voices.

Voices gave the storymen a grand toy to play with and added a new dimension to the characters. Popeye does not speak the King's English. Neither does Bluto who sometimes tries to. Does it really

matter? These two dime store gladiators were created for one purpose: — to battle tooth and claw for the heart of Olive Oyl, coy Cleopatra of the comic strip and by all odds the least sexy of all cinema heroines. It is burlesque. It is supreme satire. It is grand opera for grand opera haters. Culture be hanged. Olive Oyl is not a Vassar graduate, but she and her two musclebound playmates have added a lot of laughs to our daytime TV and the storymen who masterminded their shenanigans deserve a few gold stars and our earnest applause.

During my Disney days I often lunched with the storymen. Ted Sears, Webb Smith, Otto Englander and I. Klein usually ate at Leslies on Vermont Ave. near Hollywood Blvd. Leslies served a good lunch and a fair martini. Storymen are by nature and reputation double martini men. Being a little swaked did not matter. Most of them are southpaw thinkers to start with. With or without martinis they were genteel, convivial and friendly people. I am lucky to have known many of them.

That's All Folks ●

Today everyone who watches T.V. knows Mae Questel as Aunt Bluebell who does the Scott Towel commercials. Everyone does not know that she also did the dialogue and the singing for more than one hundred Betty Boop pictures during those "golden years" of animation.

Also she did the oratorical gymnastics for Popeye's sweetheart, the adorable Oyl.

Bill Scott

© Walt Disney Productions

Cal Howard sports the title of 'comic editor' as a member of the Walt Disney Story Group.
Cal started his career in animation at the Ub Iwerks studio in the 1930's where he gained early notoriety by injecting into one of the Iwerks pictures a silly flying fish with a Groucho Marx face. This character changed an otherwise dull cartoon into a hilariously funny one.

Rothschild Photo — Los Angeles

Mel Blanc, "the man of a thousand voices" and numerous gutteral sounds that have not been classified! Mel's tonsils do back flips, somersaults, swan dives and weight lifting. He has provided voices for a whole library of animation characters. He is Mister Voice himself, maestro of the performing larynx.

MARVEL COMICS

The Marvel Comics Group is launching a nationwide contest in its network of comic book titles bearing September and October cover dates (on sale June and July, respectively). For these two months, specially flagged Marvel comic book covers will invite youngsters to test their comic book savvy and creative writing skills for valuable cash and merchandise prizes awarded to more than one thousand winners. Entrants are encouraged to submit multiple entries as long as each is mailed in a separate envelope and accompanied by a proof of purchase stamp printed within each specially marked Marvel edition. Subsequent issues of Marvel comic books will list the names of each and every entrant.

The Marvel contest, carefully structured to allow for the age range of Marvel readers, invites entrants to submit a brief essay on one of three topics. Readers under ten-years-old are asked, "Who is your favorite Marvel SUPER HERO* and why?"; readers from eleven- to fourteen-years-old are asked, "Who is your least favorite Marvel character and what can Marvel do to improve him or her?"; and older readers are asked, "How should the Marvel universe change to face the challenge of the eighties?" Each of the entries will be judged within its respective age category on the basis of originality, neatness, aptness of thought, and sincerity, by an independent judging organization. The prizes, awarded in each category, include a grand prize of $2,500; a second prize of $1,000; a third prize of $500; and more than 350 fourth and fifth prizes, including annual subscriptions to Marvel comic books.

"Marvel is sponsoring this very ambitious contest with two goals in mind," commented Marvel's Vice President-Circulation Ed Shukin. "First of all, it is our way of thanking loyal Marvel readers for helping us to maintain our leadership position in the comic book marketplace. Secondly, it will most assuredly help us to cultivate new and equally loyal Marvel customers for the future. Publisher-sponsored contests of this scope are certainly rarities, particularly ones that are aimed at such a youthful audience."

The Marvel Comics Group, which controls more than 40% of all U.S. audited comic book circulation, publishes some thirty-five comic book titles monthly, including "THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN,"* "THE INCREDIBLE HULK,"* and "CAPTAIN AMERICA."* Many of these comic books, read by some sixteen million American youngsters each month, showcase characters which are also seen in live-action and animated television programs, syndicated newspaper comic strips, and on hundreds of licensed products in all categories of children's merchandise. ●

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Photo by Walter Bachner

ME, BAREFOOTZ, AND UNDERGROUND COMIX
by Howard Cruse

We have never covered underground comics in our magazine, primarily because most of the UG cartoons which would necessarily accompany an article didn't seem to us to belong in a 'family-type' publication such as CARTOONIST PROfiles. However, recently, one of our subscribers, Howard Cruse, told us he thought we should publish something about UGs, in order to show the complete picture of cartooning as it is today. We agreed so he came up with the following interesting story about his part in this field and we've selected some Cruse strips appropriate for CARTOONIST PROfiles, to go along with the text.

Howard Cruse, 35, has worked as a staff artist at the Birmingham News, *WAPI-TV, and Luckie & Forney Advertising, Inc. He spent two years as Art Director for WBMG-TV in Birmingham. Also for two years, he drew a daily cartoon panel,* Tops & Button, *for the Birmingham* Post-Herald.

Howard has been free-lancing since moving to New York in 1977, except for an eight-month stint as Art Director for Starlog *and* Future Life *magazines. His cartoon work has appeared recently in* Playboy, Heavy Metal, Crawdaddy, Bananas, Eros, *and* Partner. *He writes and draws a comic strip,* Count Fangor, *which appears in* Fangoria *magazine.*

His most recent solo UG comic is Barefootz Funnies *#3.*

I grew up in a small town in Alabama farming country. My father was a minister. The grown-ups around me plowed fields, sawed lumber, tended stores, manned filling station pumps, or pursued other jobs that looked exhausting at worst or monotonous at best.

Adult life, frankly, appeared dull. I didn't much want one.

Then my parents remarked in passing that some people earn their livings by drawing pictures — already my favorite pastime. A thrill seized me which has never surrendered its grasp. I decided I would never have to be an adult: I would be an artist instead.

More specifically, a cartoonist. Comic books were clearly my medium; by the age of eight I could already render a passable copy of *Little Lulu, Uncle Scrooge,* or *Henry.* I saw no reason I shouldn't be on the Dell Comix payroll by the time I was ten.

Kitchen Sink Enterprises, not *Dell,* turned out to be the corner logo on the cover of my first honest-to-God comic book, *Barefootz Funnies,* published in 1975. They'd never have displayed it at the Springville Drug Store; it was an "underground" comic. My outlook in the intervening years had been buffeted by *Mad Magazine,* college intellectualism, Theatre-of-the-Absurd, Flower Power, sexual revolutions, love-hate relationships with assorted American institutions and with my Southern religious heritage, and a lot of thinking about the connections between cartoon images and reality.

I have featured several characters in my underground (or UG) work, such as Big Marvy, Shearwell the Lamb and slapstick versions of myself. But I am primarily known, praised, and cursed for Barefootz, the title character of a

BAREFOOTZ

by Howard Cruse

You knew I had a thirst for blood when you married me, Margo...

SEE YOU LATER, GANG...

I'M GOING OUT FOR A STROLL!

NOBODY GETS INVOLVED IN TELEVISION LIKE THOSE ROACHES!

Put down that icepick, Mortimer!

I'M GETTING SCARED...

GOSH! THIS IS A CREEPY MOVIE!

I THINK I HEARD A FLOORBOARD CREAK!

...AND WE'RE HERE ALL ALONE!

SOME-THING'S TAPPING ON THE WINDOW!

THERE'S A SHADOW IN THE HALL!

IT'S MORTIMER COMING TO KILL US!

I WANT BAREFOOTZ!

ME, TOO!

MY LORD!

HELP!... BARE-FOOTZ!

WHERE ARE YOU?

SLOW DOWN, BUDDY—THIS IS A STICK-UP!

?

I THINK I'VE GOT A QUARTER SOMEWHERE...

JUST STAY COOL AND HAND OVER YOUR BREAD, PLEASE!

...AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY!

THERE HE IS!

SAVE US, BAREFOOTZ!

YOU GOTTA STOP MORTIMER!

HE'S COMING TO GET US!

HE'S GONNA STAB US DEAD!

DON'T LET HIM KILL US!

SAVE US!

SAVE US!

SAVE US!

I HOPE YOU DON'T CONSIDER THIS FUNNY!

©1973 by H. Cruse

series of stories appearing in *Commies From Mars, Snarf, Comix Book* and the three *Barefootz Funnies* solo editions.

Barefootz originated in 1971 as a college strip for the University of Alabama *Crimson-White.* Fashioned for the squat daily-strip format, its characters had huge heads atop miniature bodies — a common convention which allows dominant facial expressions to be coupled with vivid body language. The proportions have been refined over the years, but remain essentially as they were in the *Crimson-White.* I never imagined in those early days how controversial Barefootz's appearance was to be in UG comix fandom.

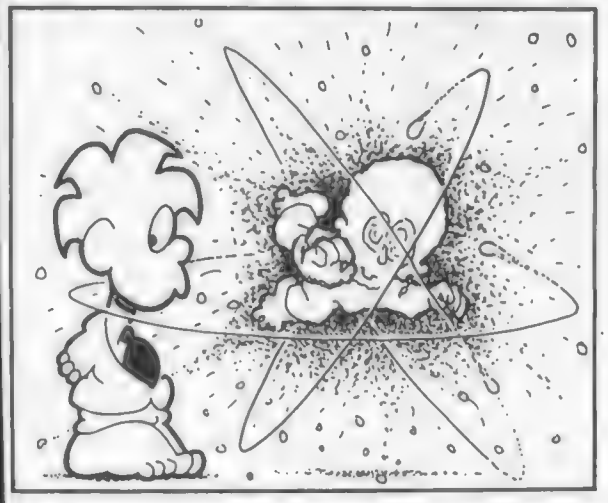
Thanks to *Barefootz's* detractors, the word *cutesy* has gained a new lease on life. *Cute,* of which *cutesy* is the perjorative diminutive, is defined in my dictionary as "daintily attractive"; *dainty* is defined in turn as "delicately pretty." I personally don't view Barefootz as either dainty or delicate; however, I must concede that he would be unlikely to fare well in mortal combat with Spain's *Trashman* or S. Clay Wilson's snarling pirates. By underground dialectical standards, I had created a monster by making the fellow "lovable".

To me it was a matter of stylization. Every strip establishes its own conventions, and I had in mind a comment on the paradoxical nature of innocence when I simultaneously employed and undermined "overground" design motifs.

But of course, I can understand the critical distrust my characters inspired. With his great, round eyes, wistful smile, miniature body and clodhopper feet, Barefootz may look like the comic strip equivalent of Keane's soulful, bug-eyed urchins, begging like lost kittens to be clutched to the reader's breast in a knee-jerk paroxysm of sentimentality. Perhaps I should have cast him early on into oblivion, as some voices urged me to do.

Unfortunately, I had come to love the cutesy twerp just as he was. He had become a living entity, embodying a facet of my personality which I have learned, by much struggling, to trust. His soul is both mysterious and unextraordinary, in touch with "cosmic consciousness" while at ease with operative reality. Neither "morality" nor "Original Sin" exist for him; he is unself-conscious in his spiritual harmony. Approaching him with cynicism is futile: one must trust his innocence to understand him. It's not surprising that this is the strip I chose to draw, for I believe that it is equally futile to approach life itself with cynicism.

I've been asked many times why *Barefootz* is not a syndicated strip. It's true that many of the individual segments could move unmolested into the Sunday color section. In the fall of 1973,



I faced a conflict of options that brought this issue to a head. A major syndicate expressed tentative interest in a newspaper version of *Barefootz*.

Barefootz had barely made its UG debut, and economic and political forces were threatening the future of underground comix themselves. My publisher, Denis Kitchen of Krupp Comic Works, had been forced to reduce his publishing schedule to a dribble. I was working as a Duostat camera-operator in Atlanta; my efforts to become a full-time cartoonist seemed stalled. Could syndication be the answer?

I spent a number of evenings moping over my attempts to adapt *Barefootz* into an "acceptable" daily-strip format. But my instincts told me that it would be a mistake. In the process of producing the strip locally in various incarnations for two years, I had come to appreciate its special potential for experimentation.

The early appearances of *Barefootz* were in formats roughly equivalent to daily and Sunday newspaper strips. But as the characters became more real to me, I wanted added space to develop more complex themes. I thought of the characters as repertory actors who could perform everything from farce to satire to absurd theatre to allegory to — dared I even attempt it? — drama. The weird, truncated figures would dispel pretentiousness by their comical proportions. But they would be *real*, because I would invest them with my own interior reality.

Madcap fool that I was, I thought I could bring it off! I fell far short, but I think the strip was richer for the attempt.

Attempting to transcend or transform the frequently limiting "gag" structure of the humor strip was no endeavor unique to me. The humor in *Pogo* or *Barnaby,* for instance, was never cheapened by a mechanical "gag reflex". But inspirational as such trailblazers were to me, I knew that two themes central to *Barefootz* — and I think central to human experience — would have had to be eliminated or severely compromised had my strip aimed at the funny pages. These themes are sex and religion.

Things have loosened up since *Doonesbury* arrived, but even Garry Trudeau employs a light touch with these topics compared to his fearless forays in the political arena. It is considered a "given" that editors and advertisers, if not readers, will grimly resist disrespectful or satirical treatments of such volatile subjects. It is a measure of this resistance that on at least two occasions when *Doonesbury* has challenged the sexual taboos in the most honest and tasteful fashions, the brouhaha has made the Nightly News.

Underground comix are a special medium in that there are no taboos. The books are sold only to adults, to free publishers from the accusations of child-corruption which throttled the maturation of commercial newsstand comic books in the Fifties. For an artist who wishes to express his or her personal viewpoint in graphic narrative form, unimpeded by censorship or pressure from advertisers and timid editors, UGs have proven to be the most promising cartooning medium around.

Happily, UGs recovered from their mid-Seventies slump to become a steady, if small-scale, industry. The money is poor, but the opportunity for artistic growth can be priceless. The comix movement is somewhat analogous to the Off-Off-Broadway theatre movement in New York, where actors, playwrights, directors and technicians may choose to work for little or nothing in order (a) to try out ideas which would be unfeasibly risky on the big-money Broadway stages; and (b) to showcase the talents of artists who have no other access to the limelight. Individual Off-Off-Broadway productions range from the inspired to the insipid, and from the sublime to the ridiculous. The same polarities exist in UG comic books.

Had I pursued syndication success-

MMM?

I THINK OUR **PANS** ARE ABOUT TO GET **HANDLED**...

'SCUSE ME A SECOND, FOLKS...

BAREFOOTZ

by Howard Cruse

©1977 by H Cruse.

COULD YOU SPARE **TWO BITS** FOR A FELLOW WHAT'S SEEN **HARD TIMES?**

UH... GOSH, MISTER...

I DON'T THINK THAT... UH...

DON'T DECIDE TOO **QUICKLY** NOW!

I DON'T MEAN TO **HUSTLE** YOUR **GENEROUS IMPULSES!**

TOO MANY PEOPLE MAKE DECISIONS TOO **FAST**...

...LIKE MY DEAR **MOTHER** (GOD REST HER SOUL) WHO LEFT ME AS A **TODDLER** ON THE **COURTHOUSE STEPS!**

SHE'D NEVER OF **DONE** IT IF SHE'D KNOWN THE **SUFFERIN'** SHE WAS SETTIN' ME UP FOR...

...GROWIN' UP UNLOVED IN AN **ORPHANAGE**...FALLIN' IN WITH **HOODLUMS** WHAT HAD ME **UP THE RIVER** BEFORE I WAS **TWELVE**...

IN AND OUT OF **JAIL**—THAT'S THE **STORY** OF MY **LIFE!**

...CUT UP BY **KNIVES** AND **TORTURED** IN THE **CRUEL GRIP** OF **HEARTLESS BOOZE**...

...**SHUNNED** AS A **DERELICT**... UNTIL LAST WEEK, NOT A **PENNY** TO MY **NAME!**

THEN I GOT WORD THAT I'D WON **$250,000** IN THE **PUBLISHERS CLEARING HOUSE SWEEPSTAKES!**

SO NOW I'M PRETTY MUCH **SET UP** FOR **LIFE!**

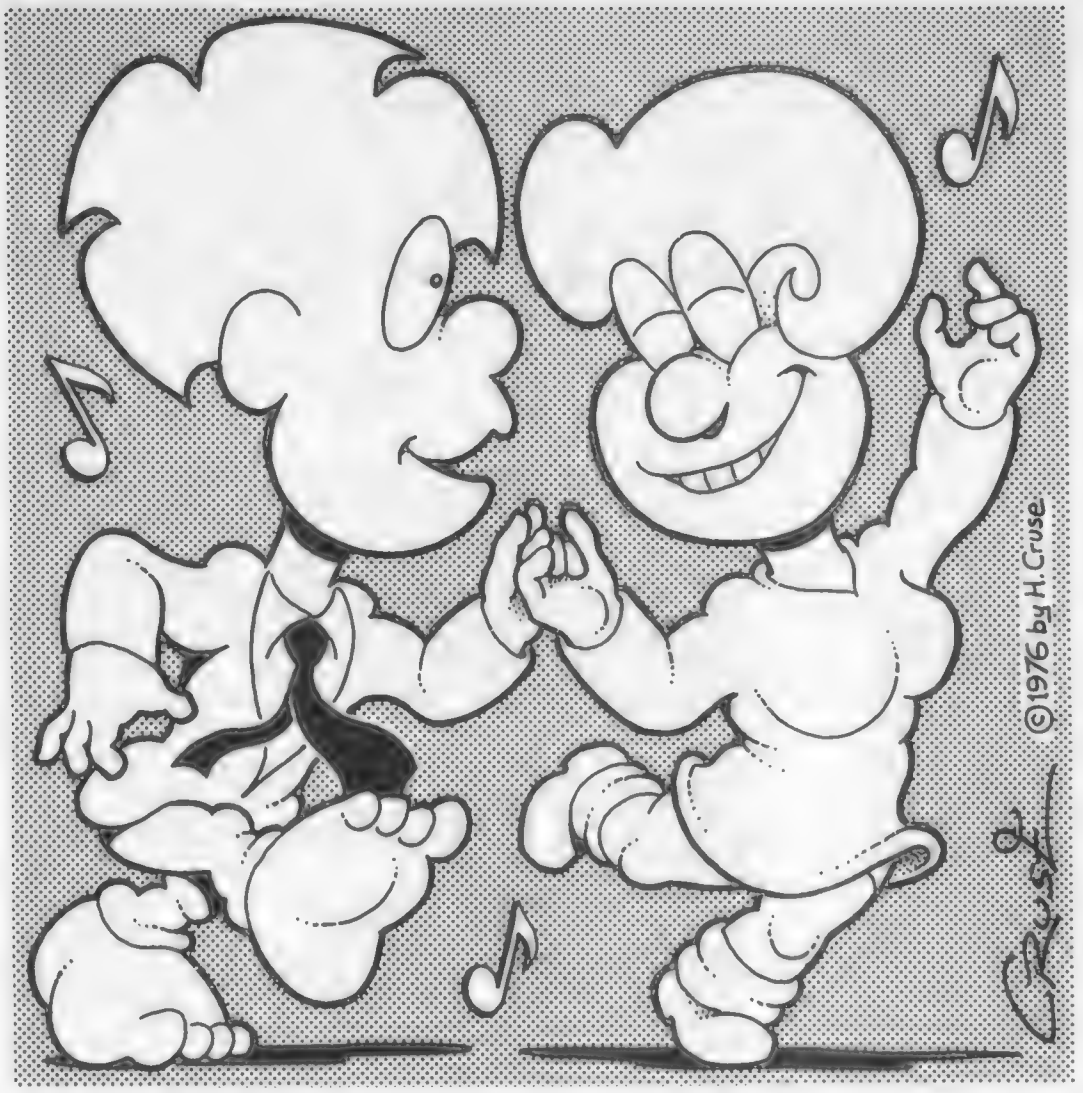
!

WELL, **FAR OUT!** LEMME GIVE YOU **COUPLE** OF **BUCKS!**

ME, TOO! THAT WAS **WORTH** IT!

GOD BLESS YOU **BOTH!**

PEOPLE THESE DAYS ARE SO **HUNGRY** FOR STORIES WITH **UPBEAT ENDINGS!**



fully in 1973, and had *Barefootz* proven popular enough to merit a sustained run in newspapers, I would probably have forfeited my chance to draw the frustrated evangelism-junkie in "Dolly Gets a Faith Lift" (*Comix Book* #4). Headrack could not have taken his gay rights stand (*Barefootz Funnies* #2) and Glory would have had to water down her letter to Billy Graham. The satirical texture of any number of strips would have been altered by the tiny, strangling inhibitions that prevent a character from saying what I know that he or she *should* say — but which would not be allowed.

Despite the frequent liberties that I have chosen to take, it has been suggested to me many times that *Barefootz* is not "underground enough" for underground comix. True, its feel is mainstream compared to many of the pioneering UG creations. It is rarely political; it is not founded on outrage; at its heart is not alienation but transcendence.

In the long run, though, questioning whether a cartoon feature is underground or overground is as meaningless as questioning whether a *person* is underground or overground (aside from literal distinctions involving entombment!). A person is simply a person. He or she may be iconoclastic at one moment and sentimental the next, an outcast from one institution while a valued participant within another. An artist's job is to seek the truth as he sees it, and truth does not come packaged as underground or overground. A truth may be angrily unpopular or the commonest of homilies, but its ultimate verity lies beyond labels.

To what degree the uses of so called "obscenities", graphic sex, violence or sacrilege contribute to the truthfulness of any given work of art is a matter of heated dispute. Only time and the maturing of human perspective can render a verdict. The artist must work from his own viewpoint, probing with the tools which feel natural in his hands. Catering to fashions of over- or underground ness results in shallow poses aimed at pleasing peers or accommodating fans instead of communicating honest feelings.

Barefootz has belonged in UG comix because only there could the feature find the freedom to be itself.

Today I am doing a lot of work in more traditional cartoon markets. I am concentrating on new characters; the *Barefootz* format — which once seemed boundlessly liberating — has now come to be confining as I have changed with the years. Had some outsized popularity befallen *Barefootz,* had long-term contracts been signed, I might have been legally bound to persist in drawing a formularized feature long after the time had come to move on.

I'm content with the road I chose in 1973. And I hope to continue drawing for underground comix. I like the room they give me to grow.

More importantly, I hope the UG field will remain healthy and available for use by further generations of aspiring artists who need to test their wings and find their own directions without being shoehorned into preconceived notions of what cartoon art should be.

Most of all, I hope that undergrounders and overgrounders alike will choose to acknowledge that theirs is a common heritage and a common endeavor. What all cartooning is about is not merely making people laugh; it is helping people to *feel.* ●

Jerry Lieberman

..ANIMATION..

by John Canemaker

Photo by Ron Lieberman

I asked Jerry Lieberman — animation producer, designer, director and writer — where he sees himself ten years hence. To this tried-and-true query, favored by sneaky interviewers who want to elicit a spontaneous and revealing response from interviewees, Jerry answered that he saw himself "as a person who takes risks."

Lieberman's career has always contained the element of risk; how else does one develop, if not by gambling, from a pre-med college student into a partner in one of New York's top animated cartoon studios? And how does one walk away from that studio after a decade of commercial success to pursue less traditional outlets for one's animated visions?

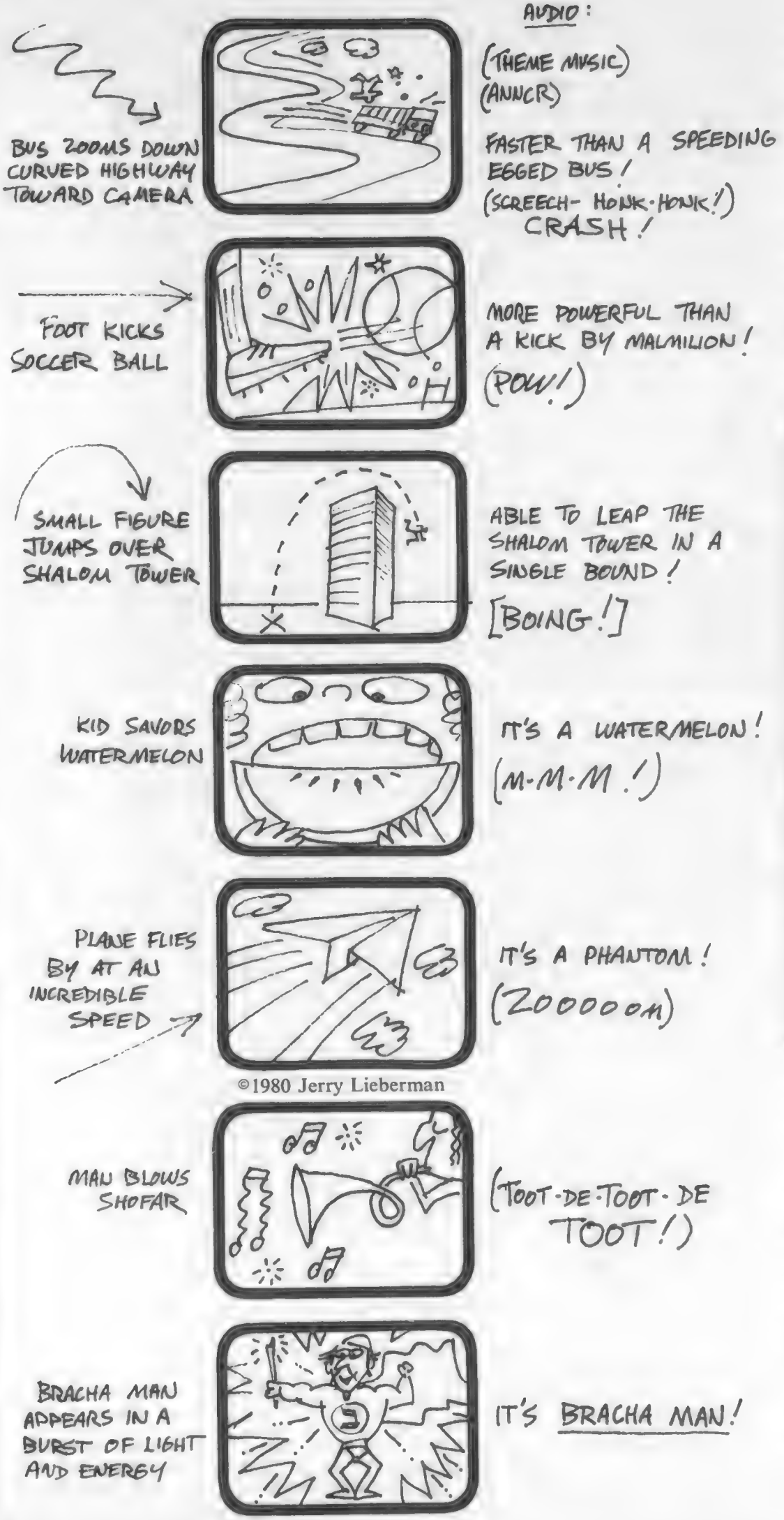
For Jerry Lieberman, risks always pay off in a positive way. He was born in 1936 in Atlantic City, where during summers he was a caricaturist on the Million Dollar Pier. A scholarship to the Philadelphia Museum's School of Art provoked Jerry's first big risk — the choice of becoming a graphic artist instead of a doctor.

After the Army, he came to New York in 1964 during the so-called "Golden Era" of TV commercial production. Jerry worked constantly as an animation designer, made "a lot of money" and then risked his steady employment by taking off for 18 months in Europe because he thought "foreign influences might be good for my work."

They were. He returned to New York with an excellent show reel of com-

→

A storyboard done for an Israeli television series. Lieberman plans all of his animated films using this method. Visuals are explained on the left side, audio (including sound effects, music and dialogue) on the right. The storyboard serves as a shooting script and continuity guide. ©Jerry Lieberman Productions Inc.



©1980 Jerry Lieberman

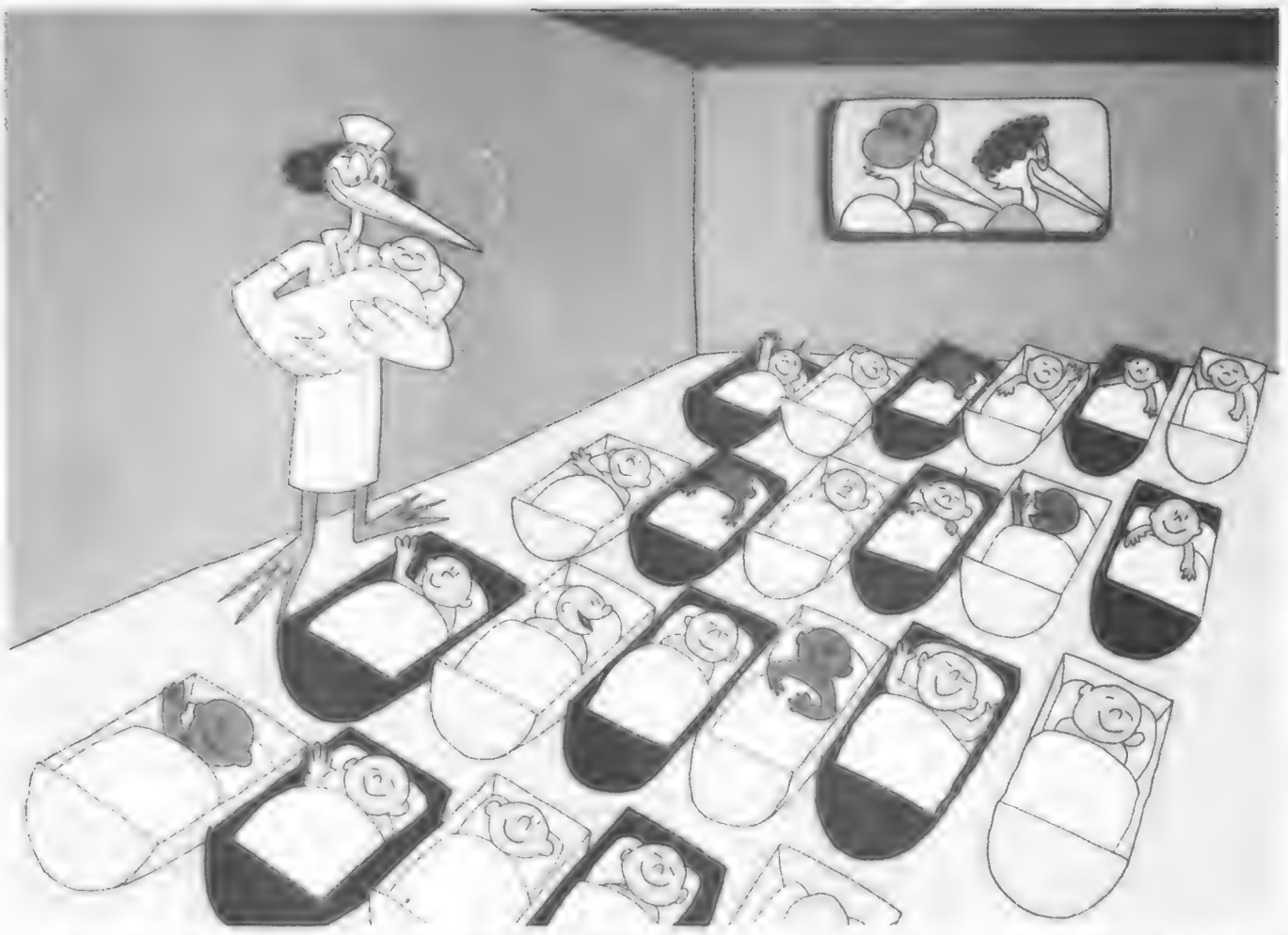
mercials he designed in Rome and Milan and began working again at the big commercial cartoon houses. In 1968, Jerry was asked to become the third partner in a new studio named Ovation. Because the studio was formed at the beginning of the decline of the era of big TV commercial budgets, the venture was, again, a risky one. "It was tough," recalled Jerry recently, "things built up slowly, but it was fun going to work every day, working for my own company. I remember the excitement when we landed our first big account." More big clients signed on with Ovation over the years and the studio continues to thrive producing quality animated commercials.

JOHN CANEMAKER, filmmaker, animator, author, lecturer and teacher, is one of the world's foremost authorities on animation and a major force in the gathering and preservation of data on individual artists in the field past and present.

In 1978, Jerry Lieberman decided to dissolve his partnership in Ovation and to strike out on his own developing entertainment animation projects that are alternatives to TV commercials. It is another gamble, but one that is, as usual, paying off. In the last year, Jerry has independently completed a series of informational/educational shorts for *Sesame Street* and the new PBS-TV science series *3-2-1 Contact;* for the NBC series *Hot Hero Sandwich,* a refreshing jolt of energy and intelligence in the doldrums of Saturday morning kidvid, Lieberman created brief animated fantasies based on children's

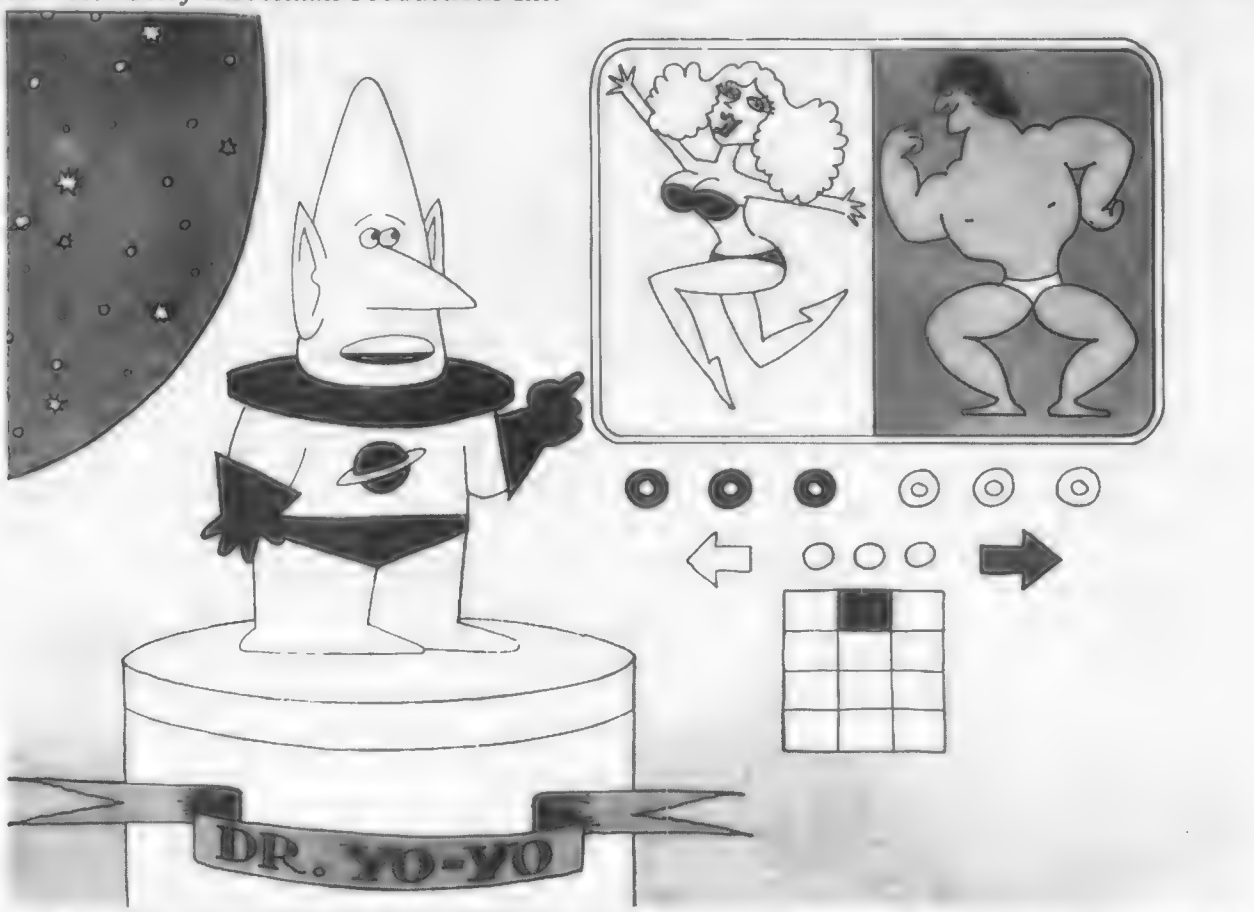
A dog jazz musician wailing in "Yakety-Yak", produced for NBC's HOT HERO SANDWICH. The song by the Coasters deals with the frustrations of being a teenager, and was the sound track of the film. Animation of cartoon brooms, tea sets, sofas, lamps and other household objects was utilized. Produced, directed and designed by Jerry Lieberman.

©1980 Jerry Lieberman



P. J. Stork and Son are driving their truck while a nurse rocks one of the babies they are delivering, in "Rollin' Rig", produced for NBC's HOT HERO SANDWICH. The sound track was a song that told the story of driving a truck cross-country. Produced and directed and designed by Jerry Lieberman.

Dr. Yo-Yo points to male and female stereotypes in THE SPACEBALL KIDS, a proposed Saturday morning cartoon show to be produced by Jerry Lieberman and Susan Lynton. The show will be an intelligent offering of entertainment for kids, age 6 to 10. ©Jerry Lieberman Productions Inc.



A string quartet plays "Nearer My God to Thee" on top of the Chrysler Building, as flood waters totally drown New York City. This scene from OF THINGS TO COME, a futuristic sci-fi comedy, is one of many that occur in an end of the world sequence. To be produced by Jerry Lieberman. ©Jerry Lieberman Productions Inc.

Drawing for the Elizabeth Swados project.

dreams and pop songs. He praises the show's producers, Bruce and Carole Hart, as "exceptional people who gave me enormous creative freedom."

Last spring Lieberman flew to Jerusalem to develop a *"Sesame Street*-type TV series based on the principles of Judaism." Over a million dollars has been raised in response to his entertaining "non-preach-y" presentation and he anticipates the pilot show will become a reality this year.

There are, in fact, a number of similarly imaginative, interesting Lieberman projects that are in various stages of pre-production that could very well take off within the next two years. If one or all of them do, Jerry will set up an animation studio to produce the work. For now, he lives and works out of a spacious art deco-decorated loft in the Tribeca (Triangle Below Canal Street) area of Manhattan that is enjoying a development similar to the Soho boom of the last five years.

Some other Lieberman projects in clude:

An "alternative" Saturday morning cartoon show, *The Spaceball Kids,* written in collaboration with Susan Lynton, dealing with contemporary issues and world problems humorously.

A script for an animated feature, written by *Saturday Night Live* writers Anne Beatts and Michael O'Donoghue, for a sci-fi comedy titled *Of Things to Come* or *The Day the Earth Threw Up.*

A pilot for a cable TV series to be taped at Lewis Friedman's New York City

Drawing for the Elizabeth Swados project.

nightclub S.N.A.F.U., which will feature a cabaret show including rock and roll and new wave music, comedy and animation.

Perhaps Lieberman's most intense current creative collaboration is with gifted award-winning composer/director Elizabeth Swados. They are preparing an as-yet untitled animated TV special based on an original Swados script and Lieberman's character designs. Jerry's work is particularly inspired and delightful for this "top-secret" project which revolves around a musical theme.

From his Laight Street loft overlooking the Hudson River, Jerry enjoys one of the most spectacular sunset views in the city. One wonders if he finds the time to gaze up from his drawing board to see them these days. He probably does, even though he might lose some precious time preparing one of his many storyboards, layouts, character designs and scripts. But, for Jerry Lieberman, it's worth the risk. ●

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MUSIC GAGS

by I. Klein

Here's another in our series of reminiscent articles by former Disney artist, and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN.

I often encountered something to laugh at in musical experiences. In grammar school, in one of the early grades our teacher was a lady whose singing voice had much to be desired. When she led the class in song the pupils sang along, but the singing was interlaced with giggles from the girls and subdued chuckles from the boys. The teacher seemed totally unaware of the disrespect of the class. She always had her eyes turned upwards at the ceiling, because the songs were always hymns. She sang with fervor in an out-of-tune screechy voice, at the same time conducting with waving hands. We addressed her by her name, Mrs. McNut. Her name fit in with her comical music sessions. Years later I learned that her name really was McNaught.

Then in high school the guide to our musical education was also in his own way, a comedian. He had a rich bass voice though he was a skinny man with a rather long neck. It was surprising to me to hear such deep rumbling notes, which vibrated our desks, coming out of him. However, he had a built-in gimmick for laughs which took off the edge for serious listening. That was his Adam's apple, which was very prominent in his long neck. It had a life of its own when he sang. It bobbed up and down very conspicuously with each syllable. It was comic pantomime, with singing accompaniment. All to be absorbed for future gag material, for published cartoon or animated cartoons.

I have no musical talent but a time came when I had a chance to express myself musically. That came about in my animated cartoon work. From time to time I animated cartoon characters playing musical instruments and at times singing. In the Disney animated cartoon classic "MOTHER GOOSE GOES HOLLYWOOD" for example, I animated the sequences of Laurel and Hardy, including the scenes where one played a slide trombone and the other a clarinet. This was my sublimated way of being a musical virtuoso. When I moved to New York City to be near the animation studios, I had begun my career in the animated cartoon field. For the past year I had been commuting from home in nearby Newark, N.J. I had made many new friends in New York who were music students and music buffs. I joined them in all sorts of musical events, like concerts, recitals all over town . . . Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Lewisohn Stadium and Hunter College.

While my friends were engrossed listening to the music, I also was attentive, but kept an eye open involuntarily to what was going on in the audience and on the stage . . . like when a violinist in the orchestra dropped his bow. This led me to imagine the bow getting stuck in a violin string and flying out like an arrow from a bow. (I used that as a gag in an animated cartoon some years later). Watching the bass drummer made me fantasize him hitting his drum with an unexplained hatchet. (I used that, in one of my NEW YORKER magazine cartoons.) Then there were times when programs would flutter down from the upper balconies, or sometimes a hat or a glove. That eventually turned up in gag form. One was published in THE WASHINGTONIAN, a short-lived New Yorker type magazine published in Washington, D.C. That cartoon showed a stone-age concert setting with a stone-slab falling SMACKO from an upper stone balcony, clonking an orchestra customer down below. MISS STONE-AGE: "O-ooh! There goes my program."

I became aware as I attended various concerts, that the musician who played at clashing the cymbals had lots of time on his hands. So I put him to work in one of my early NEW YORKER cartoons. I had him knitting a sock and saying to the player next to him: "I hope this year will be as fruitful as last season . . . why during Tschaikowsky's 'Pathetique' alone I knitted the most gorgeous muffler imaginable."

©Colliers Magazine

"When I crash, watch that fat guy in front jump" *I. Klein*

AT THE STONE-AGE OPERA

Miss Stone Age: "O-ooh ! there goes my program."

Another of the concerts I went to fairly regularly was held at Hunter College on Lexington Avenue in the East 60's. The music was supplied by an ensemble, not a full orchestra. Before each number began, a musicologist was there to educate the audience and guide them through each piece, almost a note at a time. The first time I attended one of these concerts, I thought the man was doing a comedy act. He was short and pot-bellied and spoke with a German accent. It was almost a comedy German accent. James J. Walker was Mayor of New York City at that time.

Jimmy Walker, as he was fondly called, was dapper, arrogant, and entertaining. The concerts took place in a sort of large lecture room rather than in an auditorium. The attendance was never overwhelming. One evening however, my friends and I were surprised to find the place rather crowded when we arrived. We just about managed to find seats. The musicians were in their places. The musicologist was seated, rather than standing and poised for action. There was another gentleman seated on the platform. People continued to come in until there was only standing room left. In fact they were standing three deep against the walls. I asked some people near me for an explanation. Several answered in a chorus: "Jimmy Walker is coming here to-night." So it was not a musical attraction. Suddenly there was a commotion near the door. I thought His Honor the Mayor had arrived, but it was not. A woman had fainted near the entrance and she was carried out. Almost immediately cheers and applause sounded from the outer hallway and Mayor James J. Walker marched in, followed by his entourage. Ready to greet him was the top man of the school. (He was the extra man seated on the platform, that I mentioned above.) He greeted the Mayor with a short speech of welcome, then stressed the need for more financial funding from the City. He wound up by pointing at the crowded audience, saying: "You can see for yourself, Your Honor, what large audiences our musical programs attract." The Mayor's response was short and crisp: "You're not fooling me. This extra big crowd is not for the music. They are here to see me." After that statement Mayor James J. Walker turned on his heels and walked out, followed by his entourage and the greater part of the audience. The regulars remained. After a pause the concert proceeded as scheduled.

I must add that Jimmy Walker's term in office as Mayor of New York City ended in his disgrace. He resigned shortly after being elected for a second term and skipped off to Europe. His safe deposit box was ordered to be opened by the courts. All that was found in it were several paper clips.

I finally participated in some professional musical performances, starting at the very top, with the Metropolitan Opera Company! However, it was in a humble role, that of an "extra". A spear carrier, as it was called. My Metropolitan "season" began when my friend Bill Heyer showed me a post card addressed to him from The Metropolitan Opera Company. It carried a simple message, "Appear for 'AIDA'. Bring this card with you". The date was in December 1923. This performance was not at its usual place at Broadway and 39th St. in Manhattan, but at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Bill and I shared a makeshift "studio" in a rooming house on West 143rd Street near the Hudson River. We rented this place so we could paint along the river's shore. This was before the Hudson River Drive was built.

Bill explained that he had submitted his name at the Met. Opera's office at the suggestion of a fellow he worked with. Bill asked me to come along, it would be good for some laughs. He was sure my having no card would be no problem. The pay was also something to laugh about . . . one dollar plus ten cents for subway fare. (Historical note, five cents subway fare in those days.) Later that same week we trekked out to Brooklyn. It was a cold evening. The streets were snow-covered. We joined a group of men at the stage door of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There were about twenty guys there, stamping their feet to keep warm. After a while a man came out through the stage door, said in a loud voice: "Have you all got your cards?" All of them waved their cards over their heads. Each one entered showing his card. Two young fellows

besides myself were left outside. The man said: "Wait". While waiting the three of us got into conversation. One of the guys said: "I hope they call me in. I'm here because I need that dollar. I am out of work and I am married."

The other chap who seemed a bit younger than myself, explained his reason for being there. He was a music student and a nut about opera. He could not afford the price for a good orchestra seat. He figured that once he got in backstage he could slide into the orchestra and into an empty up-front seat. Just then a cab pulled up to the curb. Two men came out. Just as they headed for the stage door, the music student ran after them pleading: "Maestro, please, I am a poor music student, please take me in with you." Then more musicians arrived on foot carrying their instruments. He pleaded with them to smuggle him in. They just snubbed him. He even put on a fake Italian accent when a particularly Italian looking gentleman stepped out of a taxi: "Excuse-a, please-a Maestro-a, I poor-musica student-a (etc.)" The maestro elbowed the anxious student aside and strode ahead to the stage door. The student pestered several other arriving musical people including a haughty diva. I had a feeling like I was watching a funny vaudeville skit. This "show" was interrupted when we three "outcasts" were finally beckoned inside with the terse call, "Okay, you guys come in."

We were led down to a large dressing room in the basement. The motley bunch I last saw on the snow-covered sidewalk were transformed into "period pieces". They all wore dark tights, costume jackets and black wigs, Dutch boy style. When I spotted my friend Bill Heyer, all of his six-foot-three in that weird outfit, I almost fell over in a laughing fit. I soon too was in "doublet and hose" and Dutch boy wig. The man who had called us in from the outside walked around shouting at us to pull up our sagging tights and hollering at anyone who was smoking a cigarette. Abruptly he told some of us to go upstairs, on to the stage. Behind the lowered curtain was a set representing an ancient Egyptian area. I was assigned with another guy to carry an Egyptian idol. It was a sitting figure fastened to two parallel bars which rested on our shoulders. Several other "extras" carried other idols, some in pairs and some carried one idol by themselves. We walked slowly across the stage while the operatic music and singing went on. When our procession reached off-stage, I was dismissed with some of the others. We were ushered out through a door and found ourselves in a narrow hall at the head of the stairs. The closed door behind us was tall, massive and metallic. We went down to get our clothes and collected our pay of one dollar and fare money of ten cents. I waited for Bill outside, also to see if the nutty music student would come out. Bill came out after a while and we left for our "digs". I never saw that nut again. I could imagine him getting into his costume, going up to the stage when sent up, and hiding in some corner . . . watching the opera from close-up. Possibly even singing along like with "Celestial Aida" to the confusion of the director.

Several days later I went down to the Metropolitan Opera office on 39th Street and Broadway and registered officially for spear carrying. The following week both Bill Heyer and I received post cards to appear for the opera "Boris Godunov" at the Met, in New York City. The card gave the date, and said to "bring this card along". Bill was busy that evening so I went alone . . . with that card. This time there was no waiting out on the cold, snowy sidewalk. I went right in with the other post card holders.

Drawing by I. Klein
©The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

THE CYMBALS: *I do hope this year will be as fruitful as last season. Why, during Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" alone I knitted the most gorgeous muffler imaginable.*

I got into my costume and gathered with the others back stage. I was then handed a long spear and told to stand on a small raised platform. A big man in costume was standing on the stage in front of me, The scenery was adjusted so that we were enclosed in a small room. The curtain was down, forming a front wall. When the man turned his head, I recognized him (from magazine articles and other publicity) to be Feodor Chaliapin, world famous operatic basso. Then the curtain went up, the footlights shone in our eyes. The impression now was that a dark wall had replaced the curtain. I could only dimly make out some forms in the front rows of the audience. The feeling remained that only two of us, the great opera star and myself were alone in a small room. Chaliapin let out with his deep, rich voice. In retrospect I now see that was a real life BIG MOMENT to share the stage with such a celebrated person. Instead I happened to look down and became aware that I was wearing my rubbers over my shoes. They did not fit with the costume I was wearing. Of course only I was aware of it. Some years later I used this situation in an Opera cartoon in The New Yorker magazine. The curtain was lowered amid thunderous applause. The scenery was quickly changed, stage opened up to a winter landscape setting. In the wings a grand looking fat man was sitting astride a big white horse (a funny sight to me). He was warming up his voice (or something) by murmuring "Mimi, mimi, mimi." I was handed a torch and instructed to push a button with my thumb. I did so and the torch lit up and short paper streamers attached to the top of the torch began fluttering . . . illuminated by an electric bulb inside. The illusion was of a flaming torch.

On further instruction all the torch carriers fell in behind the rider on the white horse. From the upper heights of the stage paper "snow" began falling. The curtain was raised. The parade of the horseman, followed by the torch carriers, marched through the paper "snow storm" amid music and singing. I believe we marched around several times. The curtain came down amid great applause. I was dismissed and received my fee of one dollar and a thin dime.

The next summons from the Metropolitan Opera came for us, on separate postcards, to appear for a *rehearsal* of "Coriolanus". The cards said for us to be there at 6 P.M. (I read afterwards that this performance of "Coriolanus" was a revival. That it had not been played for a great many years.) There was no problem of getting there at 6 P.M. I was working as an animator for a small studio, at that time, which was located not too far from the Met. Opera. I had a quick meal at a lunch room on my way up.

As this was a rehearsal we wore no costumes. A man in charge told us "spear carriers" that we were ancient Roman soldiers. He handed me a Roman standard which was a tall staff ornamented above and topped by a Roman eagle, saying: "Feller, you're Captain." I was Captain of a company of three. There were quite a few other such "companies". Besides the "soldiers" there was a large group of ballerinas costumed in tu-tus (short ballet skirts). No prima ballerinas were present nor any of the singers. The "soldiers" were marched around, instructed to follow a so-called military director. I don't think any of the guys expected all this drilling. I know I did not. The hours dragged on. March, march, march. Our marching sometimes crossed paths with the rehearsing ballerinas in their very brief tu-tus. Suddenly a short sharp shriek sounded. One of the "soldiers" had pinched the rump of one of the girls as we marched by. From then on, from about 11 P.M. until midnight there were many more such abrupt screeches. There were also some face slapping, W A C K ! The last scream-smack came just before we were dismissed. The director told the "spears" to report two days hence at 7:30 P.M. for the regular performance. I heard him murmur, "I guess they won't". I did not show up. Now, in retrospect I regret I did not. For the six hours of rehearsal we received the usual one dollar and ten cents for the fare.

I mentioned earlier that at the time of this "opera adventure" I shared a makeshift studio in a rooming house with my friend Bill Heyer. All the other people living there had furnished rooms. There was a parlor downstairs with a piano where most of the boarders gathered Saturday night for socializing. One Saturday evening Bill and I passed through the parlor on our way out. The boarders were gathered there, one of them at the piano. The landlady called out to us: "Excuse me gentlemen, could you stay a while and favor us with a song?" We both answered in unison: "Sorry, but we don't sing." Landlady: "You do indeed." She said this with a big smile. We shook our heads in denial. We quickly headed for the outside. Once on the sidewalk we had a few moments of puzzlement over this singing request. then the light dawned on us. THE POSTAL CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PASSED THROUGH OUR LANDLADY'S HANDS. SINCE SHE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT "SPEAR CARRIERS", SHE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED WE SANG AT THE OPERA. She must have retained that notion perpetually after we moved out several weeks later.

DAVE GERARD

Crawfordsville's Citizen Smith

VIEWPOINT **By Dave Gerard**

"I don't know what we will get him for his birthday. He's getting so hard to buy for — !"

"They asked me what I wanted and I told 'em — a pony, a two wheeled bike and a rifle!"

By CHARLES A. WAGNER

Dave Gerard, the son of a doctor, was born on June 18, 1909 in Crawfordsville, Indiana. Also known for being the homeplace of *Ben-Hur* author Lew Wallace, Crawfordsville enjoys the nickname of "Athens of Indiana."

Gerard's first professional cartoon appeared in a 1932 issue of *Judge* when he depicted a novice sign painter sitting around his studio with no work suddenly bursting into a fury of activity only to produce an "out to lunch" sign. Unfortunately, *Judge* went bankrupt before Gerard received his payment.

Dave Gerard had actually begun his cartooning career when, as editor of a Wabash College (Crawfordsville) humor magazine, he was obliged to provide much of his own illustrations. After graduating in 1931 with an A.B. degree, he moved to Greenwich Village and began trying to sell gag cartoons to national magazines. Meeting only with limited success, Gerard moved back to Crawfordsville in 1934 and married Sarah Hunt. According to his biography in the 1972 *National Cartoonist Society Album,* she was the banker's daughter, but her father's bank went under in the depression shortly thereafter. Thus forced to work for a living, Gerard drew for advertising agencies and worked for Pepsi-Cola, Philco, Chuckles Candies, and had one Sunday comic supplement account for Wheaties which he says helped pay for his house.

When the war came, Gerard was approached by Wabash College to teach an engineering course in the V-12 Naval Program. He taught from 1942-1945. During this period he continued to freelance gag cartoons. The big break came in 1947 when *Collier's* offered Gerard a contract to draw a full-color, split panel feature named "Viewpoint."

WILL-YUM by DAVE GERARD

HOW'D YOU HURT YOUR FOOT?
I WAS IN A BAD ACCIDENT!
THIS WOMAN DRIVER CAME AROUND THE CORNER, NOT LOOKIN WHERE SHE WAS GOIN', AND...!
WHERE? DOWN-TOWN?
NO—AT THE SUPER-MARKET!
I WAS STANDING AT THE CORNER OF DAIRY FOODS 'N' CANNED SOUP!
11-16

Gerard gave as an example, one gag which showed a group of husbands in one room and wives in another. One husband was telling the others how he had to walk miles to school each day in the raging blizzards while in the other room his wife was saying that his electric blanket had broken down the night before and he had nearly frozen to death.

"Viewpoint" was noticed by John Dille and in 1949 a contract was arranged for Gerard to do a daily "Viewpoint" feature for National Newspaper Syndicate. It lasted through a portion of 1950. Gerard felt that although "Viewpoint" worked well as a weekly feature in *Collier's*, it was too difficult to produce on a daily basis.

In 1949, Gerard had developed a nine panel feature entitled "Will-Yum" which appeared in the monthly *Woman's Home Companion.* When Dille asked Gerard about another feature, "Will-Yum" was mentioned and syndication began in 1953 with National Newspaper Syndication. Besides daily strips, "Will-Yum" also appeared nationwide in ⅓ page standard and in ½ page tab full color each Sunday.

As an interesting sidelight, Fred Neher of "Life's Like That" fame, also had a character named "Will-Yum" in the strip which he did for Bell Syndicate. While some letters passed between the two cartoonists and the syndicates, no confrontations developed, and both cartoonists continued to use the title

CHARLES A. WAGNER, the Director of the Peru, Indiana, Public Library, reviews books on comics for The Library Journal, the prestigious publication read everywhere by librarians. He's particularly interested in Indiana cartoonists and has done the following story about the well-known DAVE GERARD for us. You may recall that back in March of 1978, in Issue #37 of CARTOONIST PROfiles, he did an interesting article on Tom K. Ryan and his 'Tumbleweeds' strip.

CITIZEN SMITH By Dave Gerard

"Do you wish to be counted in the census, Mr. Gilhooley?'

CITIZEN SMITH By Dave Gerard

"At this point in time I'm uncommitted!"

CITIZEN SMITH By Dave Gerard

"No $2 bills and no Susan B. Anthonys!"

CITIZEN SMITH By Dave Gerard

"I see you're from out-of-state. Don't know when we've had anybody in here from more than 50 miles away!"

"I've been on a mad buying spree. Picked up a dozen eggs, a loaf of bread and a pound of margarine!"

"As you give please bear in mind our church is badly in need of repairs!"

WILL-YUM

I HAD THE HOOPING COUGH ONCE!
KID STUFF!
MEASLES
OH, YEAH! WELL, NOBODY DIES FROM HAVING MEASLES!
I ALMOST DID!
11-14
THAT WAS BEFORE WONDER DRUGS, OF COURSE!

"Will-Yum."

Three "Will-Yum" comic books were published by Dell (Four Colors #676, 765, and 902). Gerard did the storyboards and pencil roughs. The inking and lettering was done by Done Cole of Marion who had been lettering the newspaper feature for some time.

"Will-Yum" appeared in about 120 papers and was translated into 8 languages. The strip ceased publication in March of 1967.

In 1966, Gerard had been discussing a panel aimed at the editorial page which, in the words of the artist, depicted the "plight of the average tax payer and citizen trying to battle inflation, taxes, city hall mortgages, etc." with the Register and Tribune Syndicate. A five year contract resulted and in April of 1967 "Citizen Smith" began appearing in about 100 newspapers. A Sunday companion feature was attempted briefly in 1968, but was discontinued.

"Citizen Smith's" career was somewhat complicated when Dave Gerard was elected Mayor of Crawfordsville, an office in which he served from January 1972 through December of 1975. As reported in September 1973 by *Changing Times,* some of Mayor Gerard's constituents took his gags personally. The artist, however regards "Citizen Smith" more as an everyman who might kid officials or citizens in general, but never personally or in a vindictive manner.

Gerard spends about 30 hours at the board either drawing or sketching up ideas on a 70 pound bond typing paper. Actual "Citizen Smith" originals are done on a preprinted single ply plate finish board with Higgins India ink. Gerard draws with a Speedball B-6 or B-5½ and when he does use brush uses a Winsor Newton 1 or 2. Original dimensions are about 46 pica wide by about 36 pica high, or about twice suggested print size. Gags are usually his own, although Gerard will occasionally purchase a gag from a contributor.

Gerard never throws out a good gag. When he comes up with something which he feels does not quite fit "Citizen Smith," it will usually find its way to print in King Feature's "Laugh a Day," *Changing Times, Good Housekeeping, Wall Street Journal's* "Salt and Pepper," or other major markets. ●

WILL-YUM

I'VE HAD THE COLIC!
DOESN'T COMPARE WITH THE MEASLES!
THE MUMPS!
MEASLES ARE WORSE!
WHO GETS THE MEASLES?
JUST ABOUT EVERY-BODY, I GUESS!
MOM! WHY HAVEN'T I EVER HAD THE MEASLES?!
11-13

SAID & DUNN

Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers.

by Bob Dunn

A popular form of theatre these days is "An Evening With". I think Hal Holbrook started it at The Lambs where his "An Evening With Mark Twain" was first presented.

There had been readings and monologues before. Cornelia Otis Skinner did one-woman shows years ago. Emyln Williams, the English actor, did Charles Dickens but I'm not sure if he was before or after Holbrook's Twain.

James Whitmore, who early in his career imitated Spencer Tracy's forehead, not only did an evening with Teddy Roosevelt, but followed it up with another evening, this time with Harry Truman.

Which got me thinking of two great subjects for such an evening with. And this will be a good place to stake a claim and think out loud.

First: I think a one-man show about "Tad" would be great. Just in case someone will read this who doesn't know who "Tad" was, he was a great cartoonist whose feature "Indoor Sports" introduced most of the picturesque slang that people still use today.

His name was Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, but it was as "Tad" that he made the world laugh. Tad's time was the last ten years of the 1800's and the first 29 years of the 20th century.

The way I picture the production, the single set would be the Dorgan dining room where Tad had set up shop in the last 7 years of his life. An old yellow office desk on which Tad leaned his drawing board, an upright telephone, a chair, a waste basket, and four cardboard boxes (drawing paper, No. X-13) are on the desk. Full size packages (dark blue wrapping paper) lean against the wall under the middle bay window. Tad worked at third window stage right, which would be the first window on the left as seen from the audience. A movie screen above the middle of the stage will show Tad's cartoons from time to time.

As curtain opens Tad is at his board drawing left-handed. (His right hand fingers were severed in a boyhood accident.) As Tad works, a half-finished cartoon is flashed on screen. The cartoon is quickly finished on the screen . . . all but the caption and the balloons.

The actor playing Tad speaks the caption and the lettering appears in the cartoon. (I'll do research to pick out best material.)

The last fillip Tad adds to the cartoon is the daffy doodle (the quick one line drawing with a wise crack). Tad speaks the wise crack "yes we have no bananas."

Tad talks to the audience. "The songwriters read the cartoons for ideas. Harry Conn lifted that line and the song sold a million copies. I didn't make any money out of it — not a nickel. But maybe Irving Berlin learned something. *He* won't let a cartoonist use a title of *any* of his tunes in *any* cartoon."

Tad continues: "I began drawing when I was about four or five years old. I drew right-handed." (He tells of his accident.) He talks about another San Franciscan, Jim Corbett, heavyweight boxing champion. Tad tells about his convalesence and how he began to draw lefty; how some good came out of the accident. Since he couldn't play ball like the other kids, he concentrated on drawing.

Tad covered a fight in a San Francisco fight club. Went home, drew a cartoon about the bout and showed it to a local sports editor. It was printed. Tad, age 15, was on his way.

He tells his audience of the fighters of

NEVER MIND THOSE JABS IN THE NOSE HE CAN'T HURT YOU
YER DOIN' SWELL — KEEP AT HIM — HE'LL GET TIRED OF HITTIN' YOU AFTER AWHILE
I - I - I — CAN'T GET ME BREATH
USE YER HEAD — NOW SPIDER — THE OLD BEAN
SHAKE HIM UP SANDPAPER HIS WINDPIPE
TELL HIM TO SAY IT WITH LEATHER
ROLL HIM OVER A BARREL
TWIST HIS EARS — 'AT OUGHTA WAKE HIM UP
INDOOR SPORTS
ENCOURAGING THE BRAVE WARRIOR AS HE COMES TO HIS CORNER FOR THE MINUTE REST
AD 11-28
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those days; how he named champion Bob Fitzsimmons "Ruby Robert" and Corbett "Pompadour Jim."

Tad mentions "Battling Nelson" and Joe Choynski, Ad Wolgast, Joe Gans and Jack Johnson.

He speaks of a historic cartoon that changed his life. It was the publication of the first Sunday comic page in color. *One* color. The cartoon was the Yellow Kid, by Outcault, who went on to create another early cartoon masterpiece, "Buster Brown".

Tad speaks:

"The first time I saw the Yellow Kid I knew what I wanted to do . . . draw funny pictures. I copied all the characters in the cartoon — the policemen, the iceman, the laborers, the bartender, the guy rushing the growler, the washerwomen, the yowling kids, the barking dog. Outcault was a wonderful artist of the British 'Punch' school. I didn't see a *Limey Magazine* until years later but those guys sure could draw."

"Sports I always loved. Baseball and boxing. They were the main subjects of the sports pages in those days."

My mother painted china plates. One she painted for me was a funny little chicken with head sideways, listening to some noise inside an egg. It had a cartoon quality."

Maybe my accident pushed me into devoting all my time to drawing when other kids were playing ball. I took to sketching ball players. I learned to swear listening to the bench jockeys of the various sand lot never sweats describe the opposing teams' sins and shortcomings."

The first slang I ever remember hearing and adopting as my own was an expression Irvy Halpin, a big fastball pitcher, used to denote a showy put-on. 'It's just *Halamunkalanky!*' said Irvy."

I was about six when I heard Irvy's odd-pronouncement. It was my first taste of slang. It was Pike seeing his Peak. It was Adam finding Eve. At age 6 I knew that slang was a special, funny, colorful galloping language.

I invented a slang doggerel that just popped into my head on repeating a kid's name. His name was Lester Listman.

"Listman the pistman
The rip stick a stistman
The rimbo cocktail
Dirty little listman."

I could do it with any name; my cousin Esther for instance:

"Esther the pesther
The rick tick a thesther."

Try it . . . it gets you.

Boxing was big in San Francisco in those days. Jim Corbett was a new cut of fighter. Old timers scoffed at his nickname which truly described him, "Gentleman Jim."

On a screen Tad's drawings of Corbett appear.

"In 1889 I was working on the San Francisco Chronicle. I knew Jim's older brother, Joe, a good first baseman of the Geary Blues, a top semi-pro team.

I learned anatomy by doing quick sketches of club fighters who were popular neighborhood heroes in those days. There were fight clubs in all parts of the city. There were boxing shows every night in the week."

(Early drawings of fighters by Tad are flashed on the screen.)

"The training quarters for fighters were pretty awful."

"Corbett trained in his family barn when he was starting. Later he became a member of the Olympic Club, one of the swankiest athletic clubs in the country."

"The characters on the fringes of the fight game were a funny bunch of scalawags. I found them creeping into my sports drawings almost without my being aware of it."

(Drawings flash on of fans, managers,

SODA
TRY S QUEEN CHARLOTTE 10¢
YOUNG JIM CORBETT WRAPPING HIMSELF AROUND AN ICE CREAM SODA IN A HAYES VALLEY STORE
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black trainers and sports writers.)

"Fight game slang enriched the English language. 'Pull up your sox!' 'Hit him in the kish kish!' 'A bunch of fives' (fist). 'Pug' (short form of big word 'pugilism').

"On days when there was no fight to cover I'd draw a gym scene or show what went on in the ramshackle dressing rooms. They began to be noticed and on one cartoon about a poker game I put a caption "Indoor Sports!"

(An early *Indoor Sports* is flashed on with Tad reading the balloons.)

"The Harry K. Thaw trial in New York was a sensation . . . made to order for newspaper circulation. What a cast of characters: Stanford White, most famous architect in America and connoisseur of chorus girls' charms; Harry K. Thaw, rich, spoiled ding-a-ling, and Evelyn Nesbit, the breathtaking beauty, artists' model and a showgirl in the Floradora Sextet."

"In covering the trial I thought it had the basis of a comic strip. Young millionaire Thaw reminded me of a rich lady's lap dog, so I drew a pampered dog character and called him "Silk Hat Harry." (It flashes on screen.) Another cartoon character moved into the strip, based on a lot of Tammany judges I knew. He settled down for a long run as Judge Rummy, a dog of doubtful ancestry with a touch of class."

"The cartoon ran for many years after the real Thaw case had faded."

Tad tells of the greatest fighters he ever saw . . .John L. Sullivan (his rep was blown out of proportion). Jim Jeffries great heart, great physique, who reached his peak early and deteriorated physically after his 32nd birthday. Trying to make a comeback after his 4-year retirement devastated him.

"But my choice for the best of all time was Jack Johnson, the New Orleans Blackjack who took on everybody and everything, especially white prejudice, law and order, tradition, customs, taboos and unwritten don'ts."

"One thing that set Johnson apart from the rest of the heavyweights was his defense. He was so fast he could

"catch" an opponent's blows like a first baseman catching baseballs."

(Tad drawings of Johnson flash on screen.)

Tad: "Johnson 'smothered' his foe's blows. He frustrated them . . . made them look bad. He toyed with them; kept up a running chatter of mocking taunts, calling them 'Mr. Paleface' and 'Chief Oafay.'

"When he fought Stanley Ketchel he was enjoying the bout as a workout when Ketchel made a lunge in desperation, leading with a right hand which . . but there's a film clip of that fight so look for yourself. . ."

Film shows Ketchel knocking a surprised Johnson down.

Tad: "That knockdown was what Johnson needed to make him go to work."

The film continues, showing an aroused Johnson jumping up and overwhelming Ketchel with a two-handed attack, knocking him out in that same round.

Tad: "I got to know Johnson right after the Ketchel fight. He reminded me in stature and accomplishments of my boss, Arthur Brisbane . . .so to me, from then on he was 'Little Artha.' Johnson liked that name, and used it when he referred to himself in the third person."

"Little Arthur even left his mark on the world of fancy baking. Among the wise guys a chocolate eclair was a 'Jack Johnson.' "

"Johnson was why the phrase 'White Hope' came to be invented. It was applied to any young fighter who seemed to have the remotest chance of someday defeating the black champion. Among the white hopes was a 6-foot-5, 239 lb. cowboy, Jess Willard. He was the one who toppled the tired, harassed, over-the-hill champion who wouldn't kow tow to anybody else's set of rules."

"Johnson sold many contradictory versions of his fight with Willard. Most of them said he took a dive. One story he gave out was he kept going until the twentieth round until he got a signal from his white wife at ringside that she'd finally been paid the agreed upon $50,000 to throw the fight."

"To *Colliers Magazine* he sold an article recanting the wife's signal story and said he had been poisoned by thugs from the Havana Underworld working for American gamblers."

"Sports writers favoring the dive story claim the picture of Johnson being counted out on his back supports their argument. The still picture shows Johnson's arm and hand shielding his eyes from the glaring Cuban sun."

"Little Artha didn't try and sell me his story. We were friends. I asked him for the truth and I'm convinced he gave it to me, pure and simple."

I was out of shape. I was sick and tired. Willard was young and very strong and lucky. He tagged me and knocked me out. I was relieved. The title had meant money and everything I ever thought I wanted. But it also meant all kinds of trouble that just wore me down. The more I tried to show nothin' bothered me . . . the more it wore me down."

"Tonight you can judge for yourself if Johnson threw the fight. The fight films of that title match had been lost since 1915. They were recently found in a barn in St. Louis."

(The film flashes on the screen as Tad narrates.)

"The fight was held on a sweltering day at the Havana Race Track.

Tad mentions the celebrities present, comments on the styles of both fighters, analyzes the passing rounds until the crucial knockdown.

"Get ready . . . here it comes . . . *Pow!* Willard's right hand catches Johnson flush on the chin. Johnson goes down like a wrecked chimney. Now watch. When he hits the floor his arms fling out. It's in that split second that his fist is passing over his face that the still photographer snapped his famous picture."

Tad to audience: "Little Artha gave me a few tips on boxing. I really thought I was pretty good. Another cartoonist on the *Journal* thought he could box too. In fact, he was always beating his gums about how he'd had sixteen professional fights growing up in Chicago. He didn't look like a fighter. He drew a popular strip, *Abe Kabibble.* His name was Harry Hershfield. I even began to train with a young fighter named Gunboat Hudson. We sparred a little every day. I began to wish that Hershfield would start something. I'd warn him about my deadly weapon and then put my stump right through him."

"Vic Forsythe, who drew 'Joe's Car', was another boxing fan. Somehow he promoted the Hershfield-Tad sparring exhibition. Vic provided big 16-ounce gloves. The bout site was the storage basement for the giant rolls of newsprint that fed the *Journal* presses."

"Neither of us wore fighters' togs. We just took off jackets and vests, collars and ties, rolled up our shirt sleeves, put on the gloves and sat on our ass't second's knee and waited for referee Vic to call time. There were about fifty *Journal* guys sitting, standing and crowding every open space."

"To make a long story gruesome, the match started. I followed the fight plan as laid out by Jack Johnson. I used my right hand to the solar plexus which was guaranteed to take the fight out of almost anybody. I put all my weight behind the punch to Hershfield's upper belly. Harry must have been hurt so much he didn't even know he'd been hit because next thing I knew Hershfield was lifting me into a sitting position and asking 'Are you all right?' "

(The actor playing Tad speaks these last lines as he tries to sit up from flat on his back.)

The rest of the Tad show would be Tad's stories about Hype Igoe, Milt Gross (his office boy), the famous Jack's Restaurant on 6th Ave., across from the Hippodrome.

Tad would tell of his practical jokes on Bob Fitzsimmons, Mrs. Jim Corbett, Christy Matthewson and what Teddy Roosevelt did to him. Tad loved the six-day bike races and tells of the races to nowhere, as he called them.

The slang he invented is explained as is Australian rhyming slang which Tad used and improved on. For inster — here's Australian rhyming slang of 70 years ago that is still used: "Apples and pear" means "up the stairs." Tad's similar lingo not only rhymed but created a word picture, viz: "Storm and strife" means "A battling wife." "Ball and chain" is Tad talk for "My married pain."

The story of how Tad created the name "hot dog" for "frankfurter" is told along with his "Benny" (overcoat), Kelly (a hat) "Dublin Duck" (corned beef) "on the eary" (listening), "chin music" (gossip).

Tad: "I've been thinking of a big wow finish for this opus and I thought of what W. C. Fields told me when I tried to suggest how to end one of his Follies skits on a high note. Bill patiently explained:

"There are so many laughs throughout that you can't hope to top it with a blackout. You just do a walk-off."

Tad continues: "I hope you've had some laughs throughout . . . so taking the advice of my old friend, W. C. Fields, I walk."

(He does) . . . "Good night, twists and twirls . . . good night boys and girls."●

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